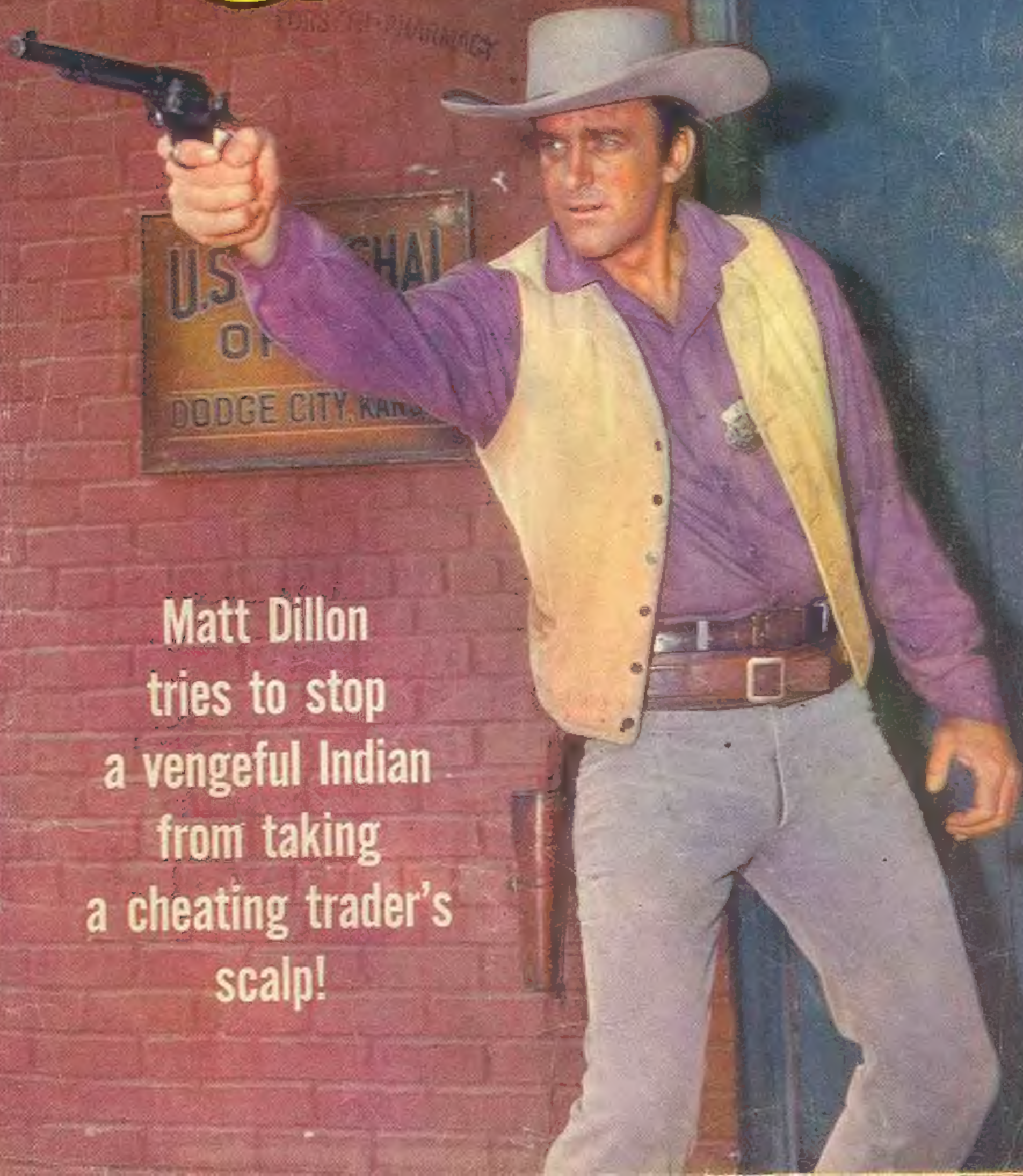


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GUNSMOKE



Matt Dillon
tries to stop
a vengeful Indian
from taking
a cheating trader's
scalp!

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GUNSMOKE

INDIAN TROUBLE

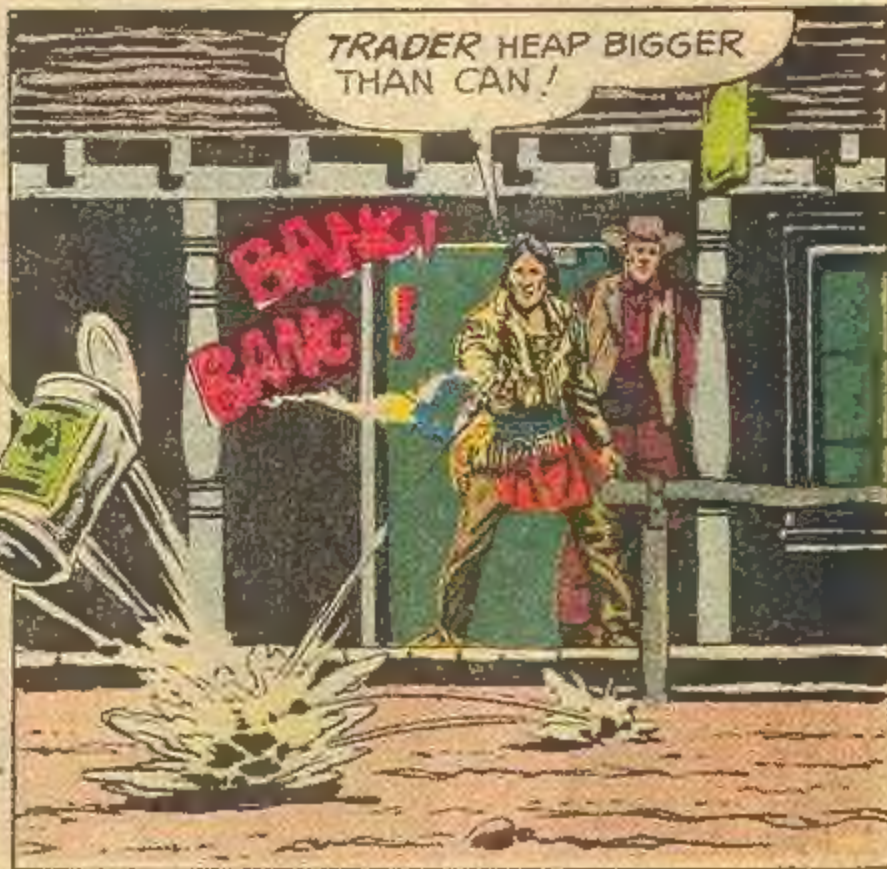
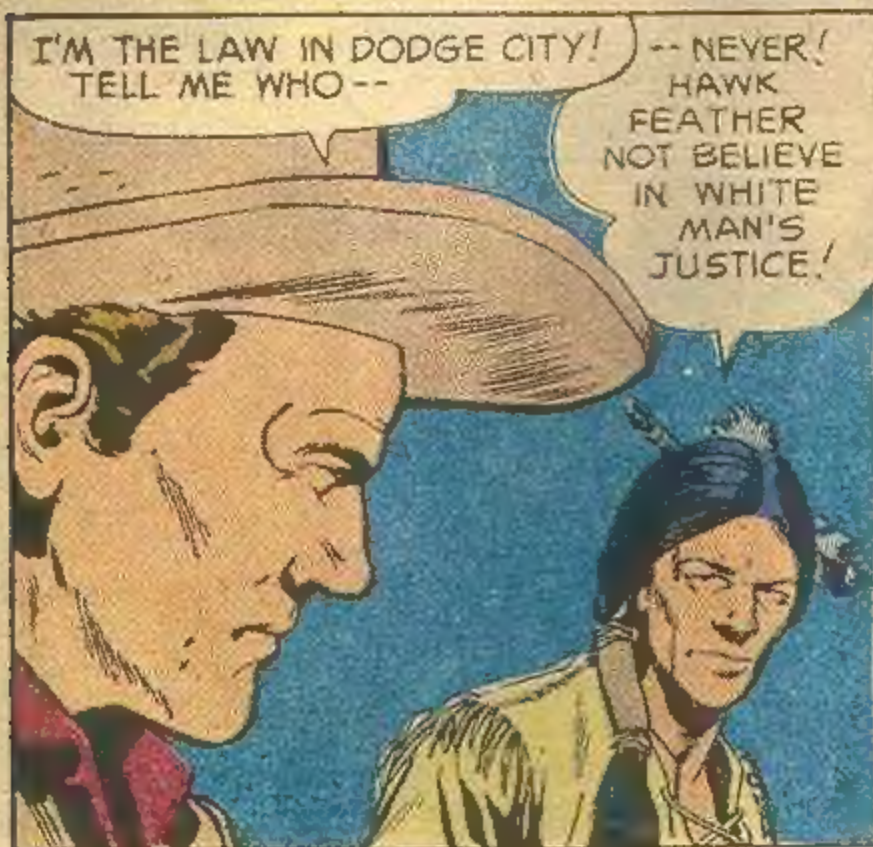


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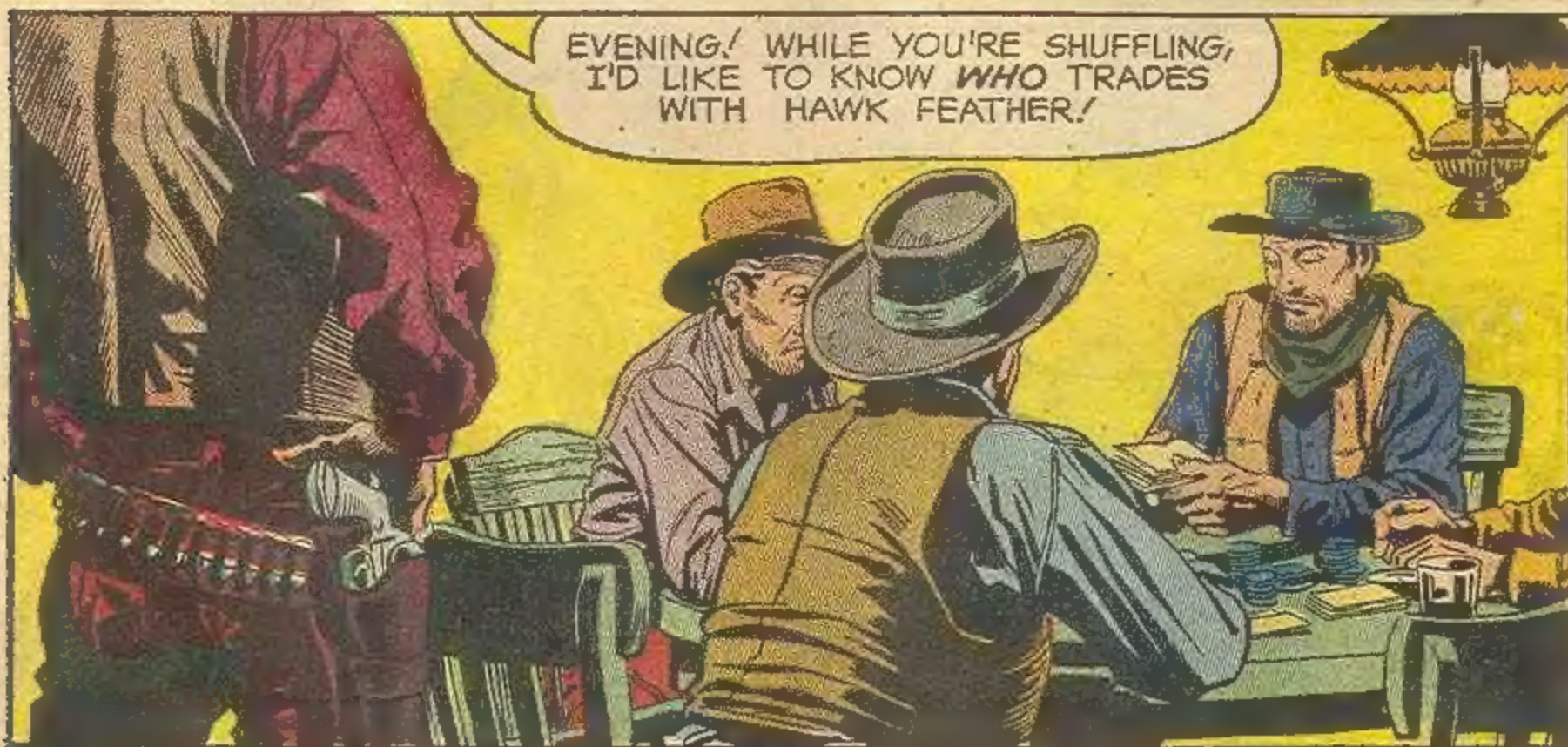
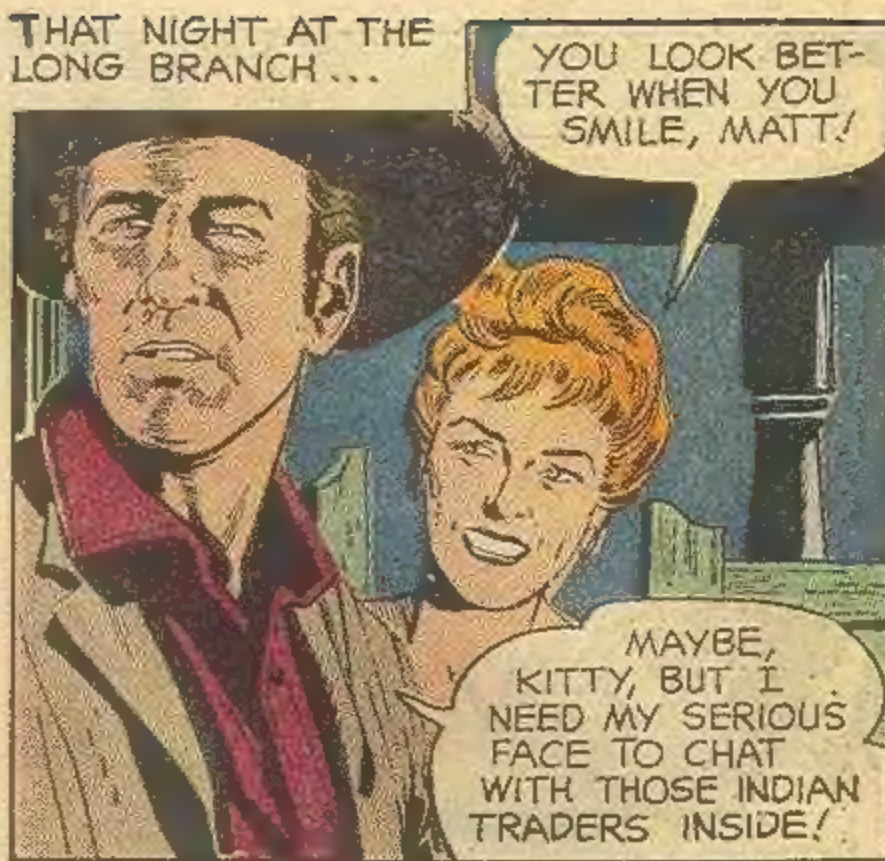
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THAT NIGHT AT THE
LONG BRANCH...





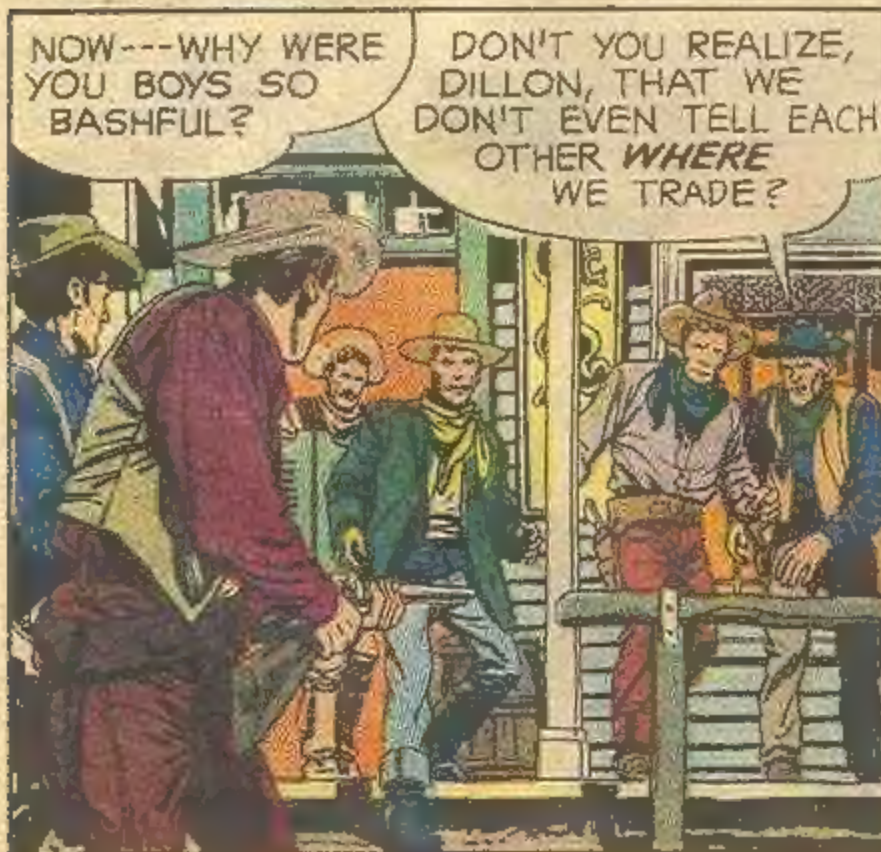


SECONDS LATER...



HERE'S A SCATTER-GUN, MR. DILLON! I FIGURED YOU MIGHT NEED IT!

THANKS, CHESTER!



NOW---WHY WERE YOU BOYS SO BASHFUL?

DON'T YOU REALIZE, DILLON, THAT WE DON'T EVEN TELL EACH OTHER *WHERE* WE TRADE?



EVERYONE HAS HIS OWN SECRET SOURCE FOR GETTING PELTS FROM THE INDIANS! HE ISN'T TELLING ANYONE ELSE ABOUT IT! THAT'S WHY WE DIDN'T WANT YOU MAKING ANY OF US SAY WHO WE TRADE WITH!

ALL RIGHT---MOVE ALONG!



SOUNDS REASONABLE, MR. DILLON!

YES, CHESTER! I JUST HOPE THAT'S THE *ONLY* REASON FOR THEIR SILENCE!



MATT, NEXT TIME YOU WANT TO QUESTION SOMEONE---USE *YOUR* OFFICE!

NEXT DAY...



THERE HE IS, MR. DILLON! BEEN SITTING THERE FOR HALF AN HOUR! THAT'S WHY I FIGURED I'D BETTER GET YOU!

YOU WERE RIGHT, CHESTER! IT COULD SPELL TROUBLE!



MORNING, HAWK FEATHER! WAITING FOR SOMEONE?

UGH!



THE TRADER WHO CHEATED---

---UGH! BUT NOT TELL HIS NAME! HAWK FEATHER TAKE CARE OF HIM!

NOT IN DODGE CITY'S LIMITS, HAWK FEATHER! I'M ORDERING YOU TO *MOVE*!

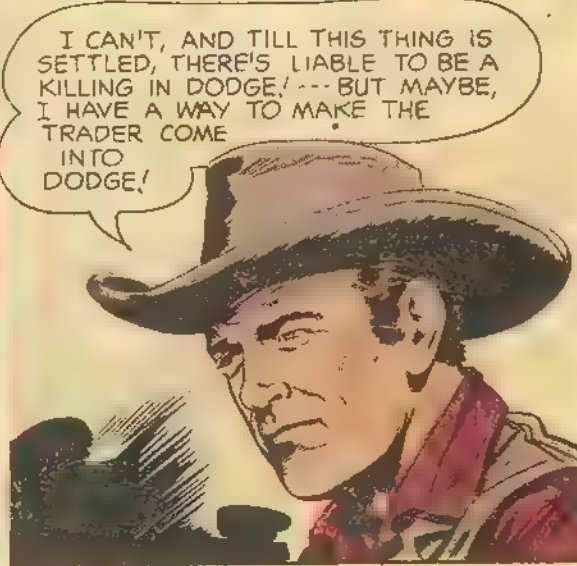
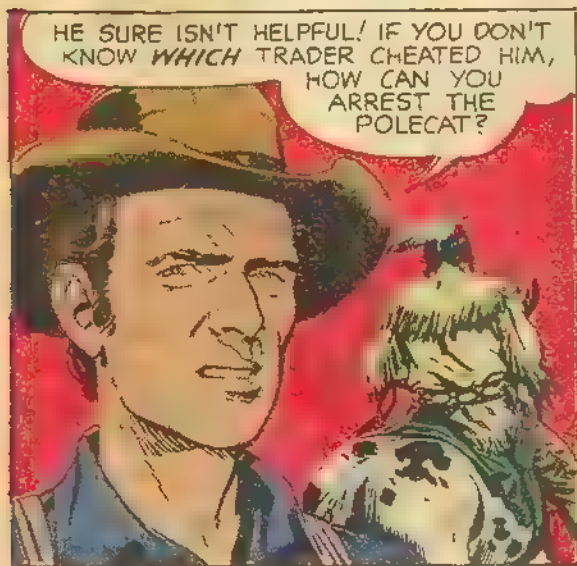
HAWK FEATHER *STAY*!

AND AS MATT DILLON STARTS TO DRAW...

TAKE HIM!



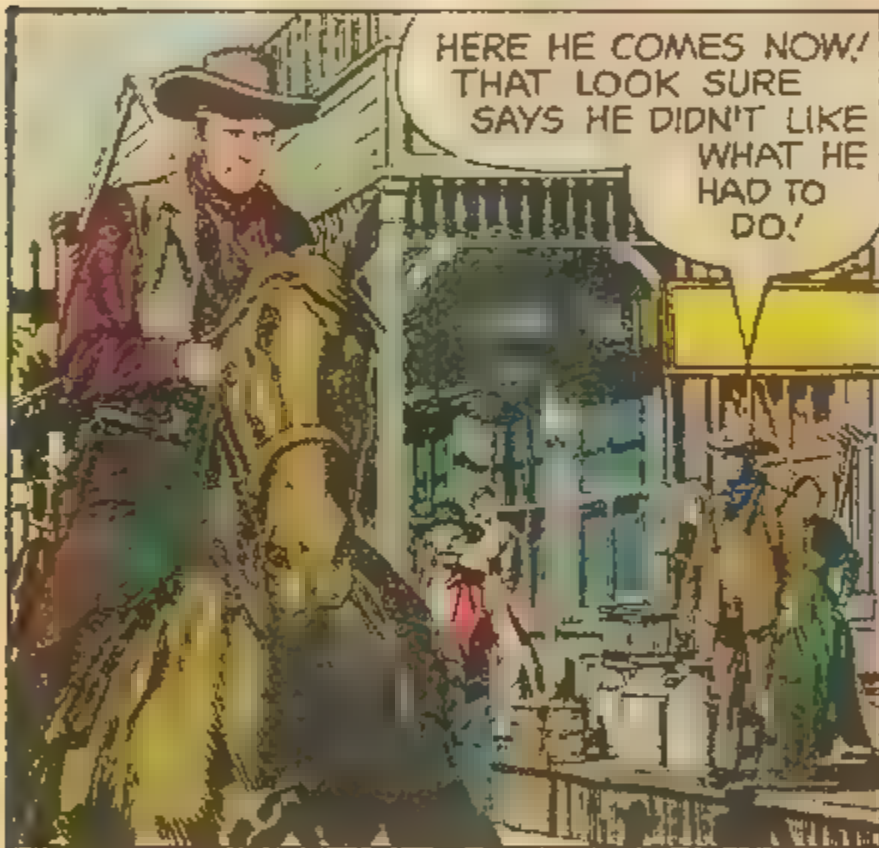




THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON...

I FIGURED IT WOULD
HAPPEN AFTER DILLON
TANGLED TWICE
WITH THAT
REDSKIN!

YES, THEY'RE PROUD PEOPLE! DON'T LIKE
BEING PUSHED AROUND! BUT I'LL SAY THIS
FOR DILLON-- I'LL BET HE DIDN'T
SHOOT TILL HE WAS *FORCED*
TO DO IT!

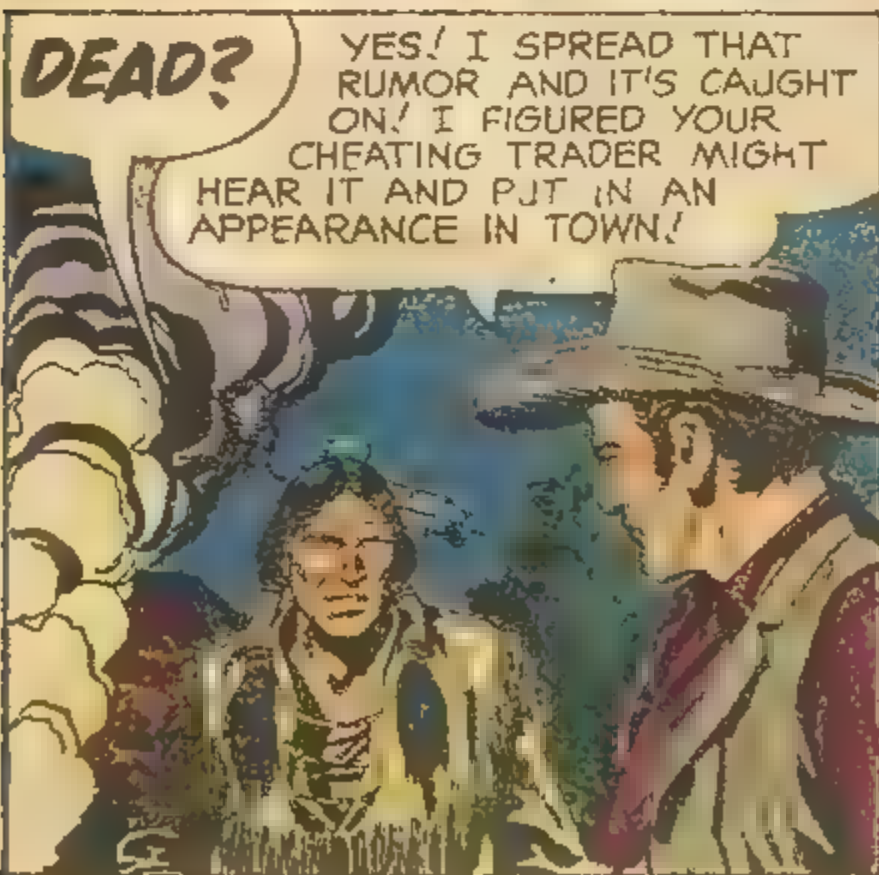


HERE HE COMES NOW!
THAT LOOK SURE
SAYS HE DIDN'T LIKE
WHAT HE
HAD TO
DO!

THAT NIGHT...

MARSHAL!

HAWK FEATHER, I'M
GLAD TO SEE YOU
LOOKING SO FINE---
!SPECIALLY NOW THAT
ALL DODGE CITY THINKS
YOU'RE *DEAD*!



DEAD?

YES! I SPREAD THAT
RUMOR AND IT'S CAUGHT
ON! I FIGURED YOUR
CHEATING TRADER MIGHT
HEAR IT AND PUT IN AN
APPEARANCE IN TOWN!



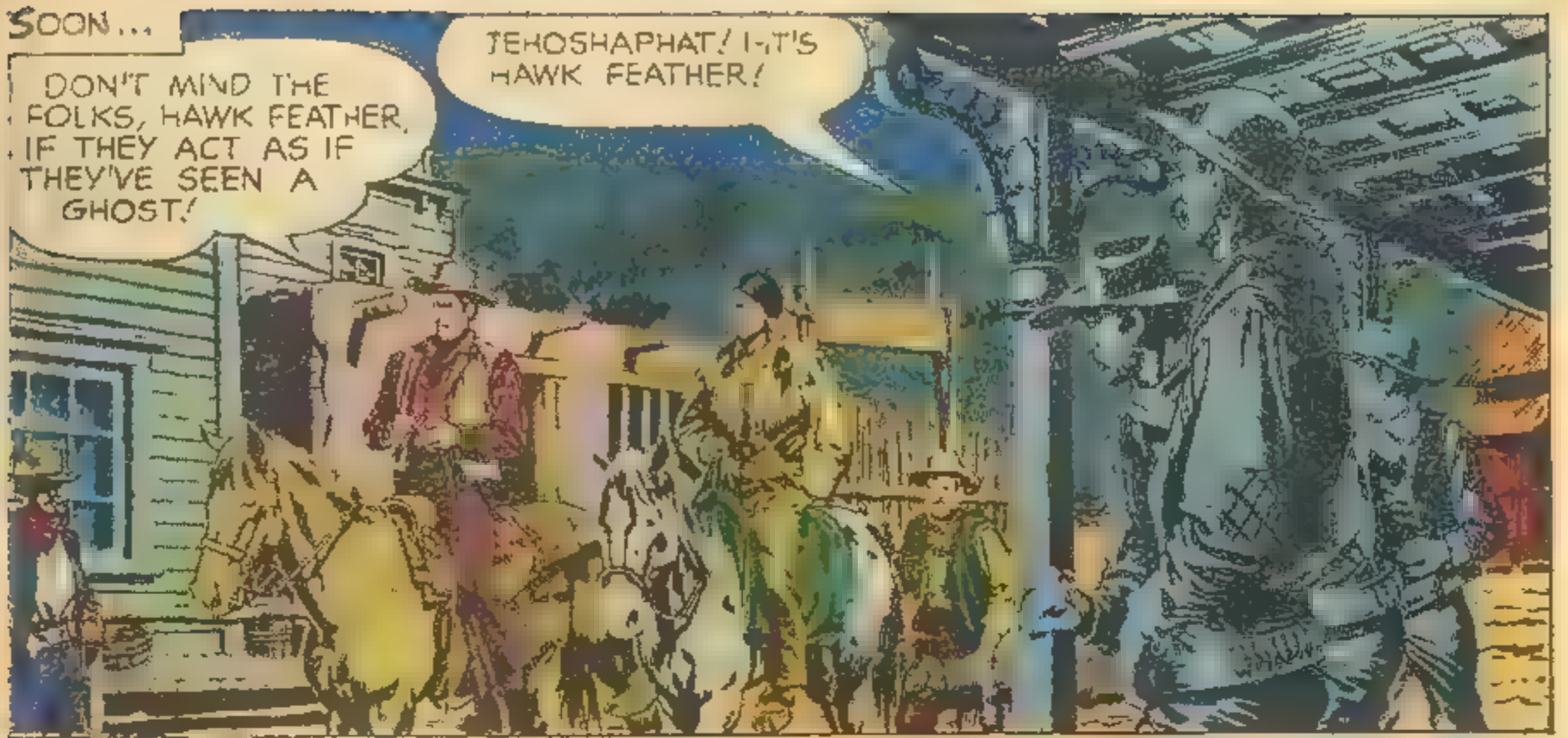
PLENTY
CLEVER!
NOW HAWK-
FEATHER
GET HIM!

NO! NOW HAWK FEATHER
WILL JUST POINT HIM OUT
TO ME---OR YOU'RE
NOT ENTERING DODGE!

SOON...

DON'T MIND THE
FOLKS, HAWK FEATHER,
IF THEY ACT AS IF
THEY'VE SEEN A
GHOST!

JEHOSHAPHAT! IT'S
HAWK FEATHER!



DO YOU
SEE---

---THAT
BE *HIM*!



WAIT HERE! I'M
GOING TO
ARREST HIM!

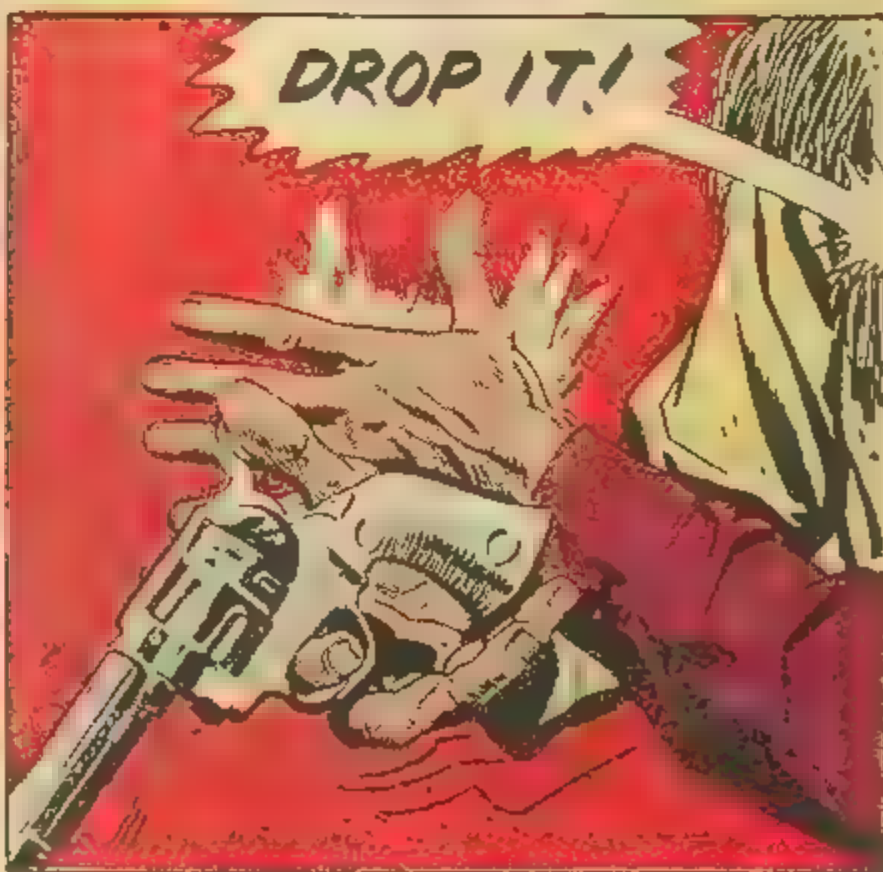
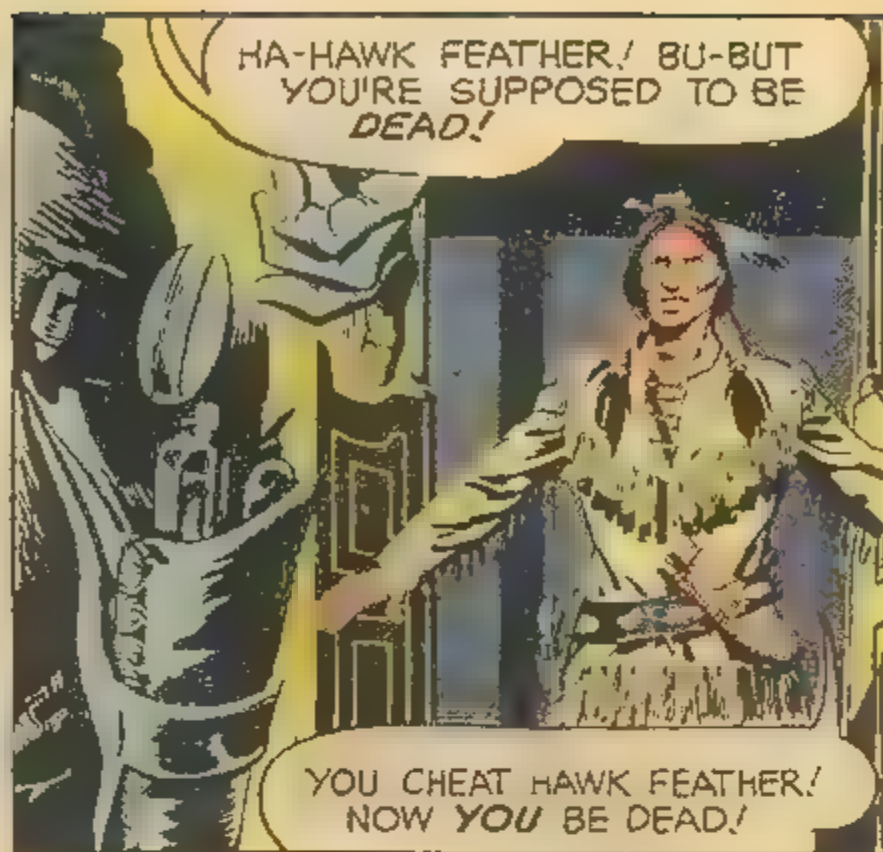


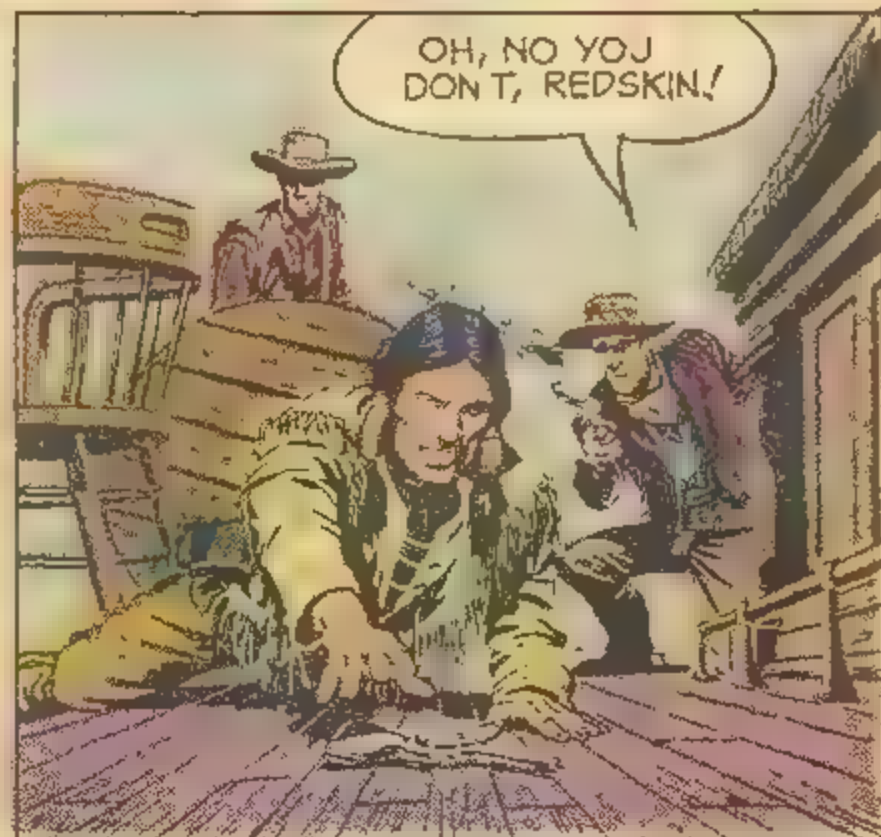
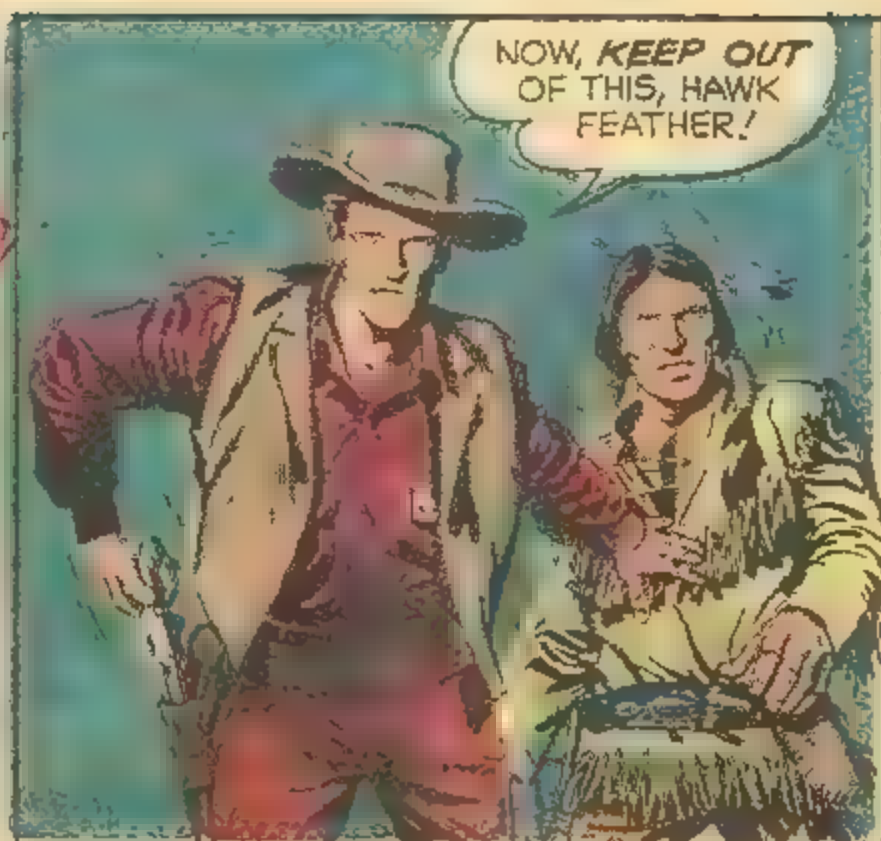
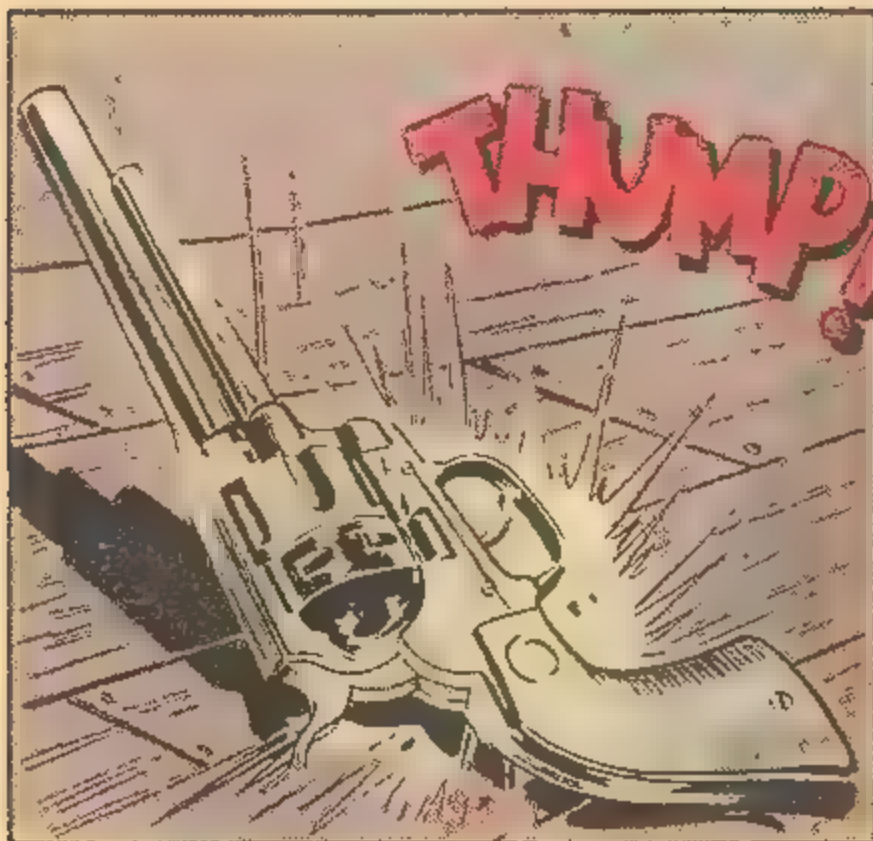
NO! HAWK
FEATHER
FIX HIM!



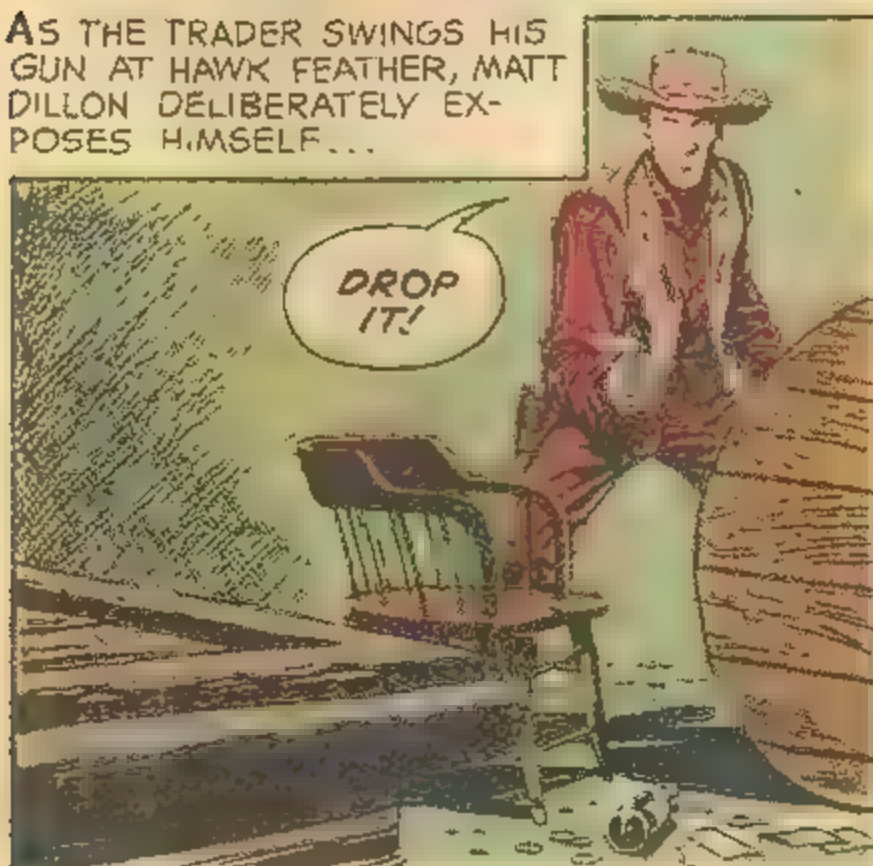
WE HEY!

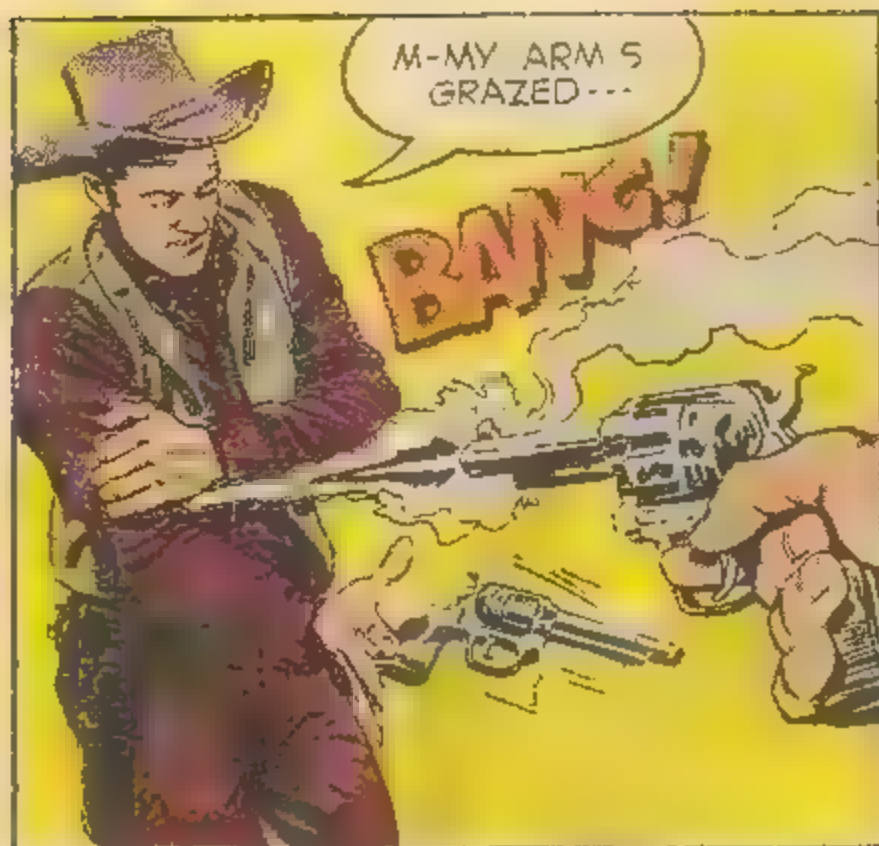




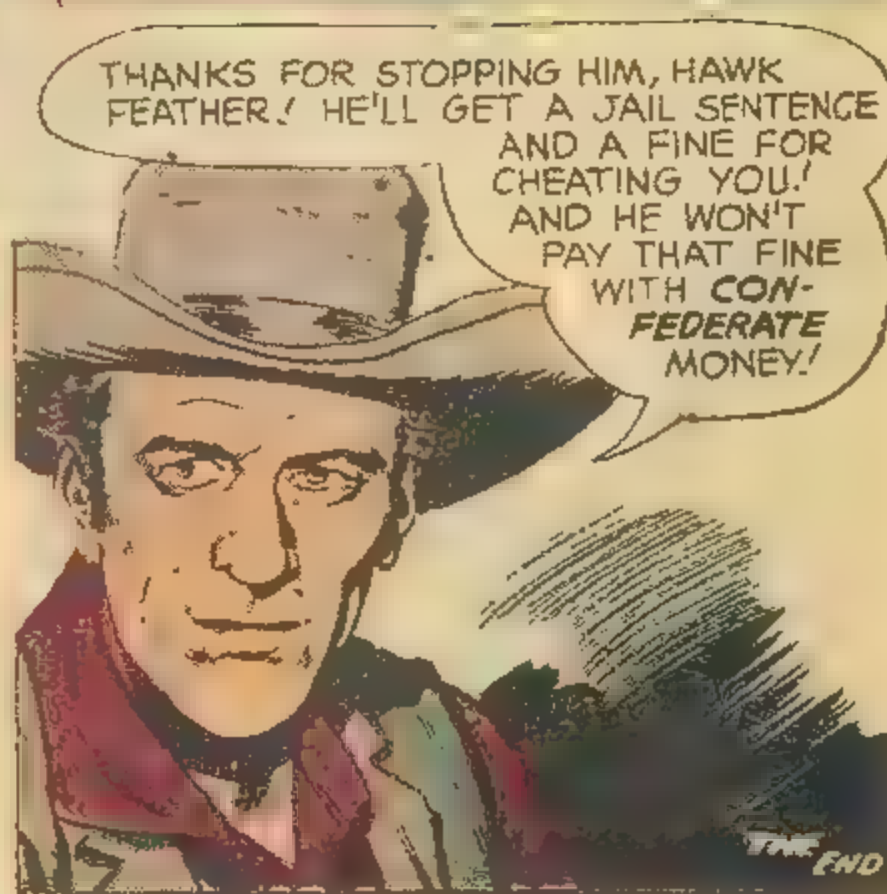


AS THE TRADER SWINGS HIS GUN AT HAWK FEATHER, MATT DILLON DELIBERATELY EXPOSES HIMSELF...





UGH! WHEN HAWK FEATHER SEE MARSHAL RISK OWN LIFE TO KEEP HAWK FEATHER FROM KILLING TRADER, HAWK FEATHER REALIZE READY TO HELP INDIAN EVEN AT COST OF OWN LIFE! IF MARSHAL PRIZE WHITE MAN'S JUSTICE THAT HIGH---HAWK FEATHER TRUST IT, TOO!



THE END

NIGHT AMBUSH



Sheriff Macroy spurred his horse up to the top of the ridge and squinted at the setting sun. Just ahead rode Hardesty, his hands fastened to the saddlehorn.

"You'll never make it, Macroy," said Hardesty with wicked relish. "We're still ten miles from Custer City and it's almost dark. You'll have to make camp in another few minutes."

Macroy spurred his horse forward. "You figure your pal Borrell will make another try at breaking you loose?"

Hardesty's grin was reptilian. "Macroy, you're a mind reader. We both know Borrell's still out there and he won't rest until I'm free."

Macroy led his prisoner down toward a sheltering nest of boulders.

"We'll camp here," said Macroy as he proceeded to untie the prisoner's feet.

"Anyway, I still don't see why you're bringing me in," said Hardesty. "I didn't shoot the stage guard."

"No," replied Macroy, "but you were working with the masked man that held up the stage. And you're the one that can identify him."

"If you can get me to talk."

"Oh, you'll talk all right, if you live long enough to reach Custer City."

"Planning to gun me down, lawman?" asked Hardesty.

"Borrell will beat me to it. Think it over. He ambushed us twice and missed twice. The second time he nearly got you, friend."

"Don't give me that," Hardesty forced a grin. "Why should Borrell want to finish me?"

"Because you're the only witness that can identify him. Besides, with you gone he won't have to split the loot from that hold-up."

As the Sheriff started a campfire Hardesty watched him uncertainly.

"You're trying to stampede me, scare me into a confession," accused Hardesty. "Well, I'm still not talking, and—"

It was then that the shot came out of the gathering night, the bullet blasting dust from a boulder within inches of Hardesty's head. His hands still bound, the prisoner dived for cover.

"Macroy," he screeched. "It's Borrell! He's after me. Don't let him get me!"

"Why not?" asked Macroy blandly from the shelter of a nearby rock. "You're not worth much to me as a witness if you won't talk."

"All right, I'll talk. I'll tell everything I know."

But Macroy was no longer there to hear him. He was somewhere out in the night moving silently through the darkness.

Suddenly there was a rattle of shots in the darkness, and then silence. "Borrell," whispered Hardesty. "He got the lawman and now he's coming to get me."

Moments later a dark hard-eyed figure stalked into the firelight.

"Borrell," said Hardesty in a hoarse whisper, "no, you can't!"

"He can't and won't," came another voice from the darkness. It was Macroy following close upon Borrell's heels. The lawman held a gun on his second prisoner.

"Shoot at me, will you?" snarled Hardesty, his courage suddenly returned. "Just wait till I tell them what I know."

"Why you double-crossin'—"

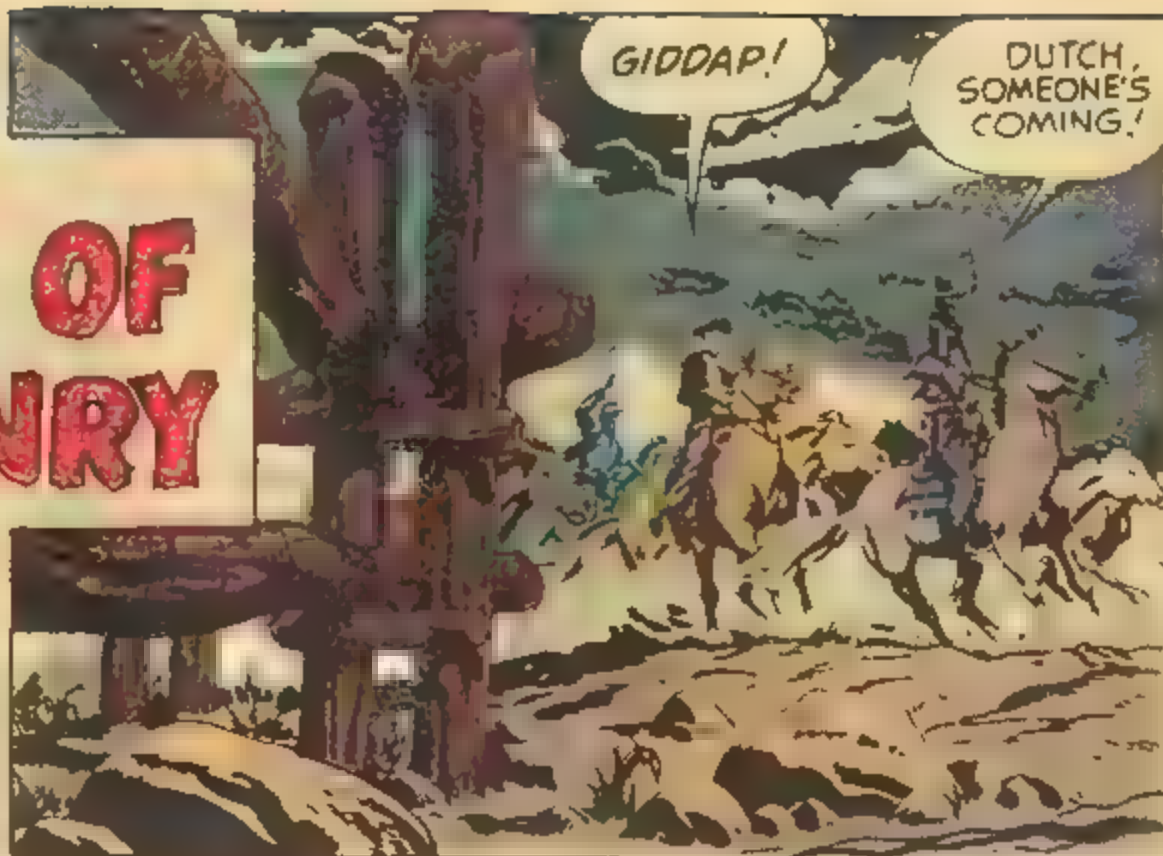
"Now, now," said Macroy mildly as he bound his second prisoner. "Don't quarrel boys. Save your strength. After all, you've both got a date with the Judge tomorrow."

DODGE CITY DAYS

The **TAMING OF** **DUTCH HENRY**

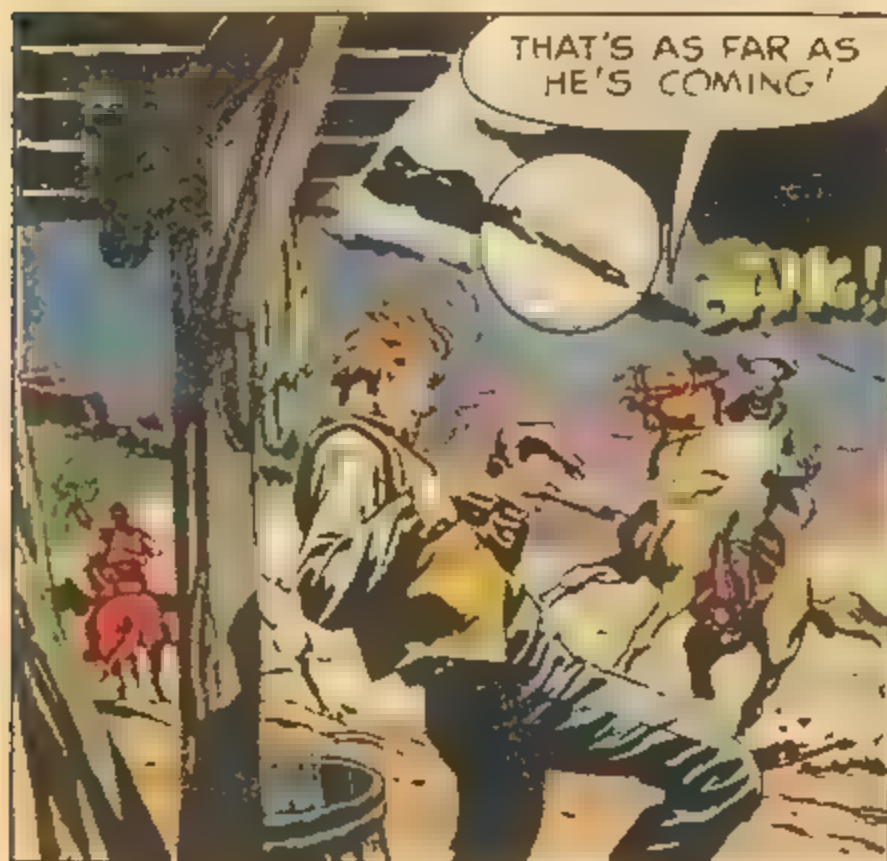
HORSE THIEVES WERE A DIME
A DOZEN OUT WEST, BUT THE
TOP HAND AT FIGHTING HORSES
WAS DUTCH HENRY AND IT
TOOK DODGE CITY TO PULL
HIM UP SHORT!

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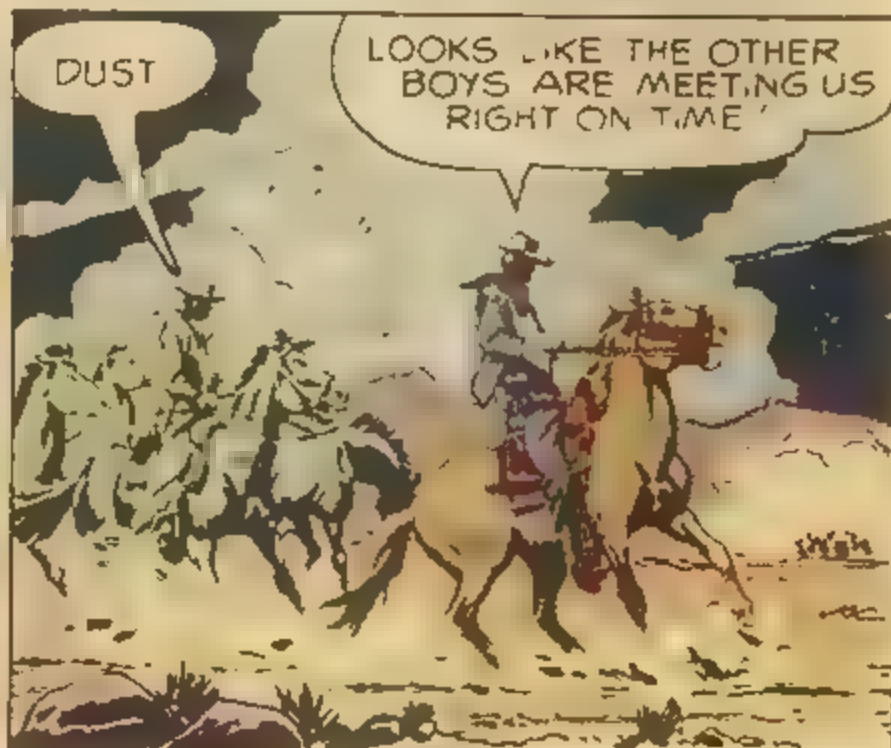
GIDDAP!

DUTCH,
SOMEONE'S
COMING!



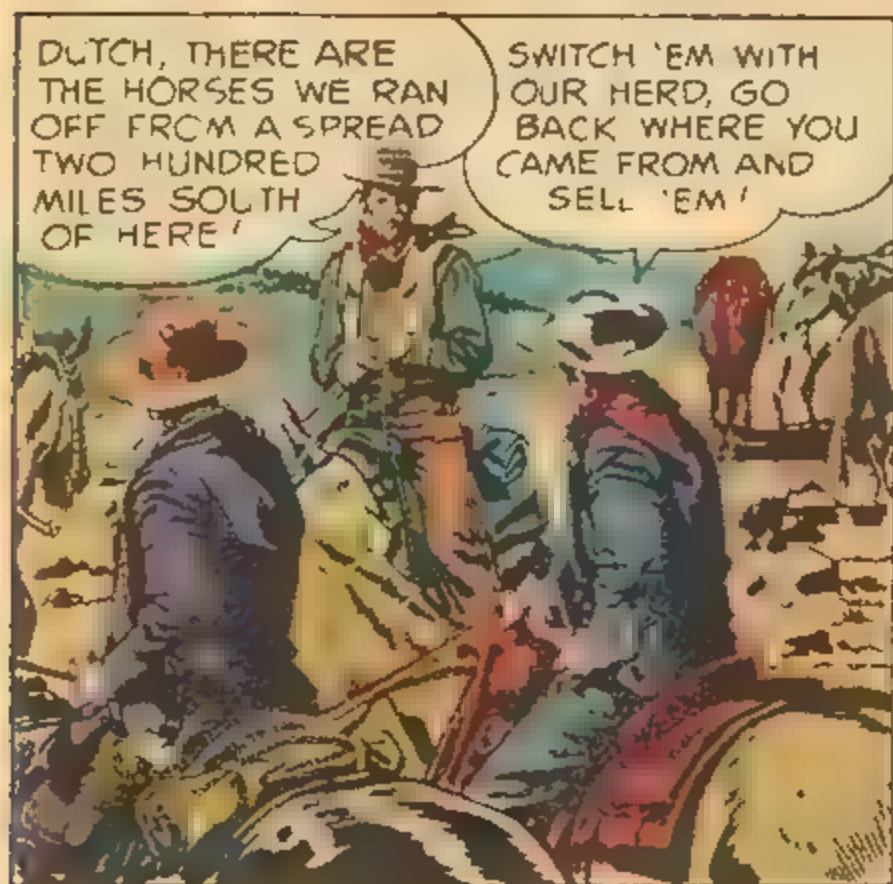
THAT'S AS FAR AS
HE'S COMING!

ALL NIGHT, THE HORSE RAIDERS DROVE THE
STOLEN STOCK SOUTH FROM DODGE...



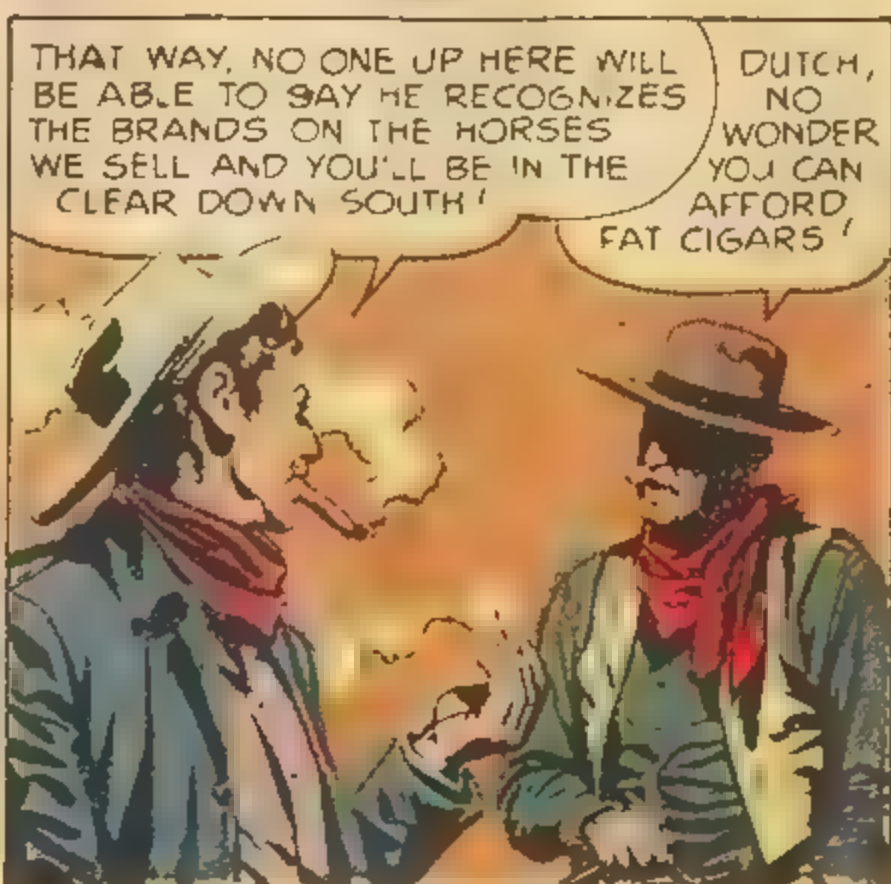
DUST

LOOKS LIKE THE OTHER
BOYS ARE MEETING US
RIGHT ON TIME!



DUTCH, THERE ARE
THE HORSES WE RAN
OFF FROM A SPREAD
TWO HUNDRED
MILES SOUTH
OF HERE!

SWITCH 'EM WITH
OUR HERD, GO
BACK WHERE YOU
CAME FROM AND
SELL 'EM!



THAT WAY, NO ONE UP HERE WILL
BE ABLE TO SAY HE RECOGNIZES
THE BRANDS ON THE HORSES
WE SELL AND YOU'LL BE IN THE
CLEAR DOWN SOUTH!

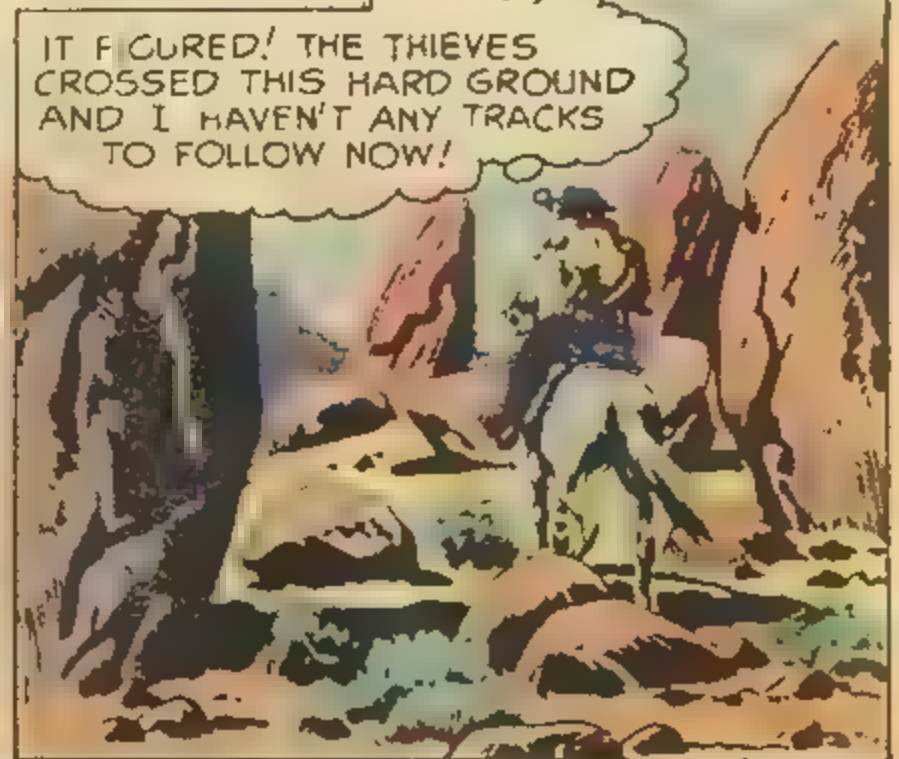
DUTCH,
NO
WONDER
YOU CAN
AFFORD
FAT CIGARS!

IN 1876, A DODGE CITIZEN NAMED EMMERSON WENT OUT TO FEED HIS STRING OF PRIZE HORSES

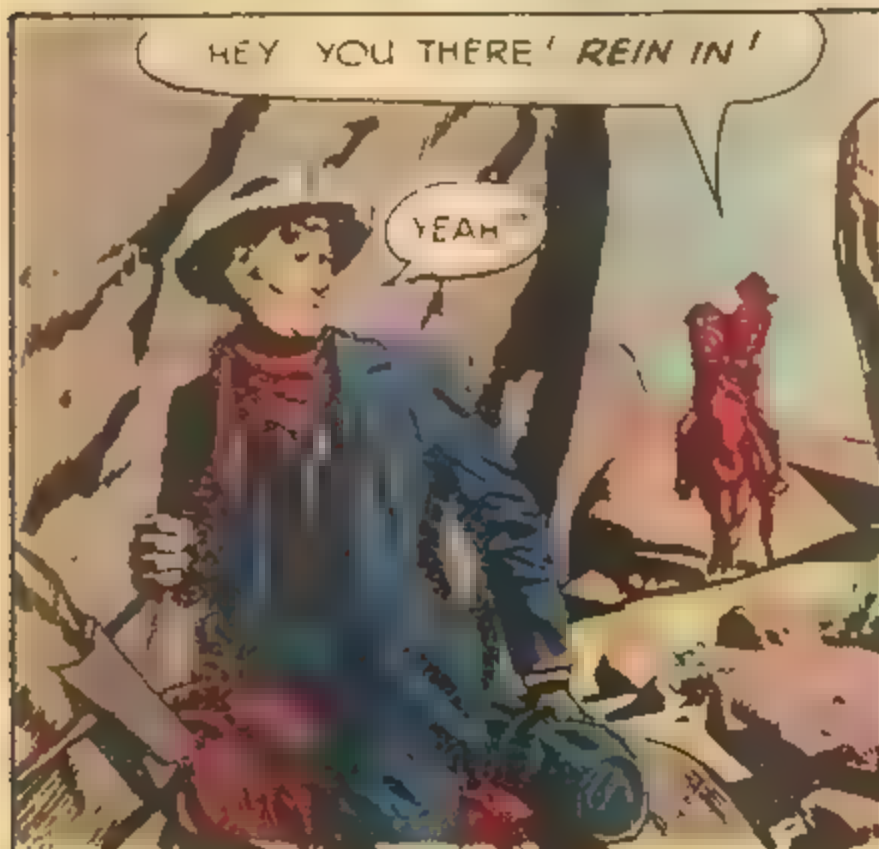


GO-GONE! EVERY
LAST ONE OF MY
HORSES IS GONE!

QUICKLY, EMMERSON MOUNTED AND TRAILED THE HORSES...

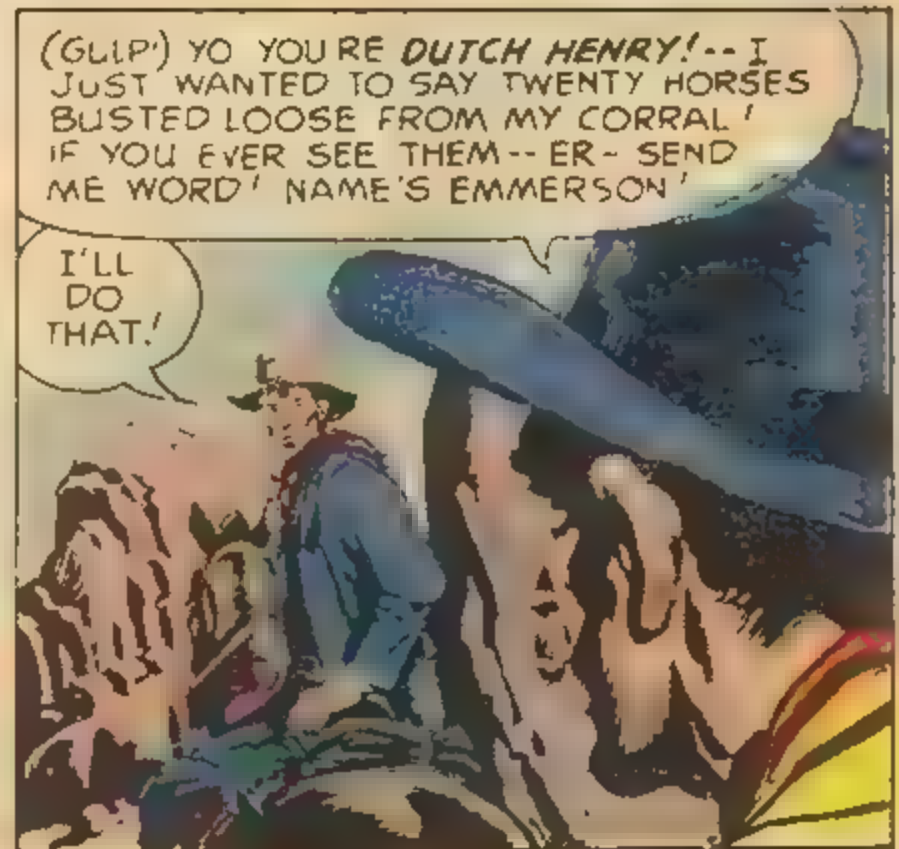


IT FIGURED! THE THIEVES
CROSSED THIS HARD GROUND
AND I HAVEN'T ANY TRACKS
TO FOLLOW NOW!



HEY YOU THERE ' REIN IN '

YEAH



(GLIP) YO YOU'RE *DUTCH HENRY*!-- I
JUST WANTED TO SAY TWENTY HORSES
BUSTED LOOSE FROM MY CORRAL!
IF YOU EVER SEE THEM-- ER-- SEND
ME WORD! NAME'S EMMERSON!

I'LL
DO
THAT!

TWO DAYS LATER THE SHERIFF OF RUSSELL COUNTY RECEIVED A TELEGRAM FROM DODGE



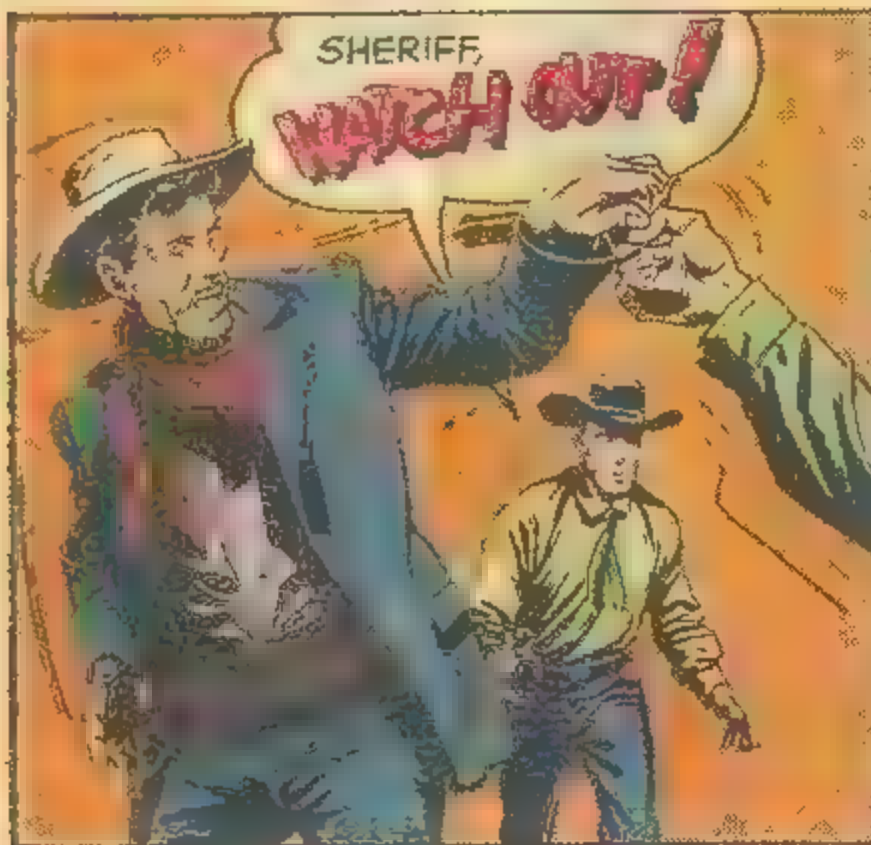
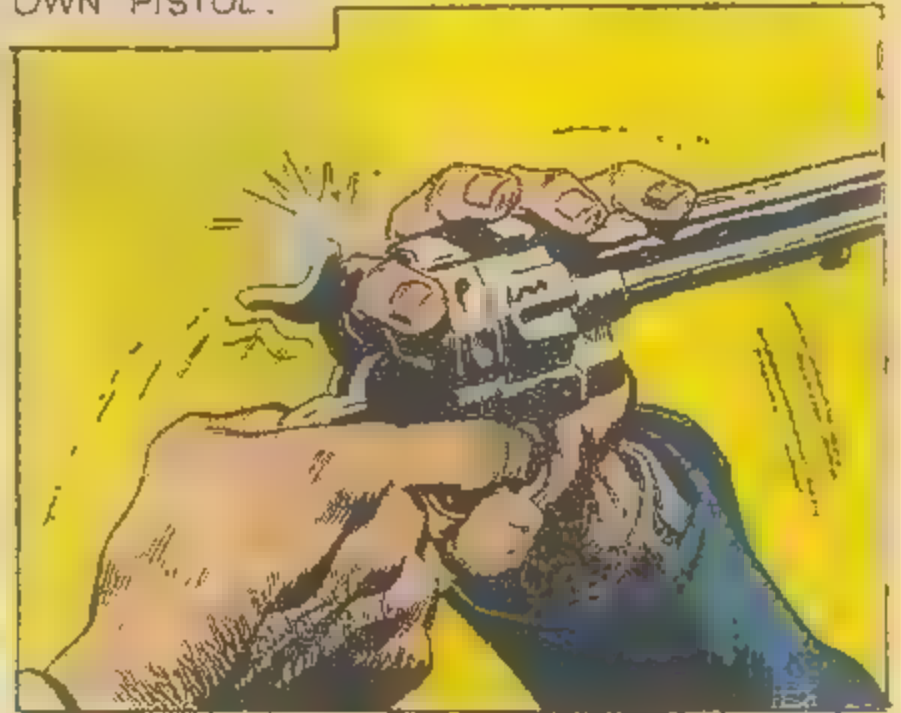
'ARREST *DUTCH HENRY*
ON SUSPICION
OF HORSE
STEALING'



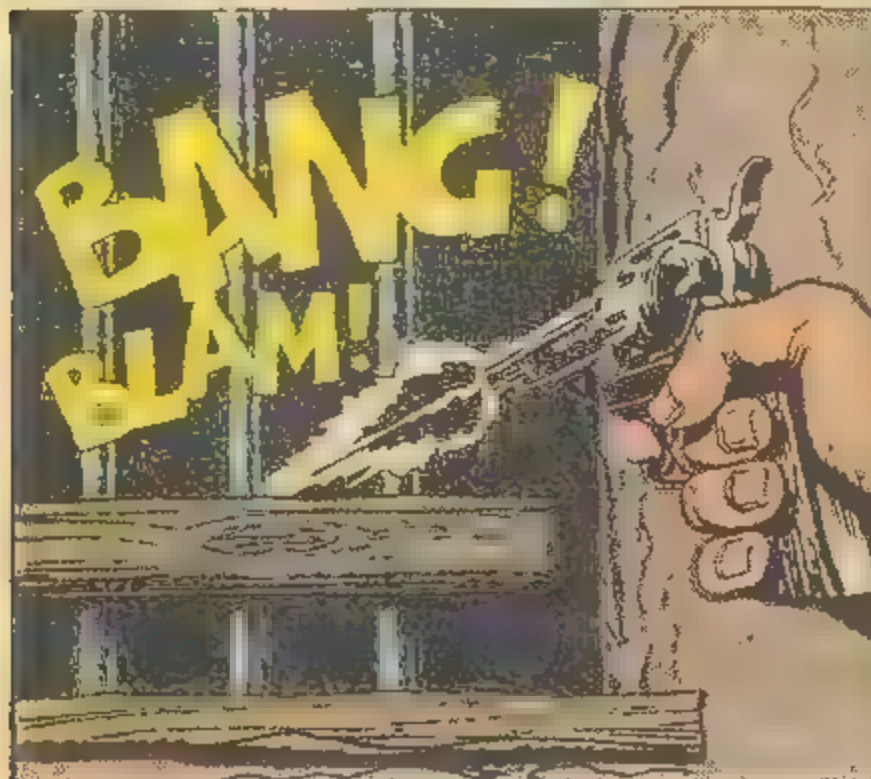
THERE'S MY
MAN-- BUT
BRINGING HIM
IN WON'T BE
EASY!

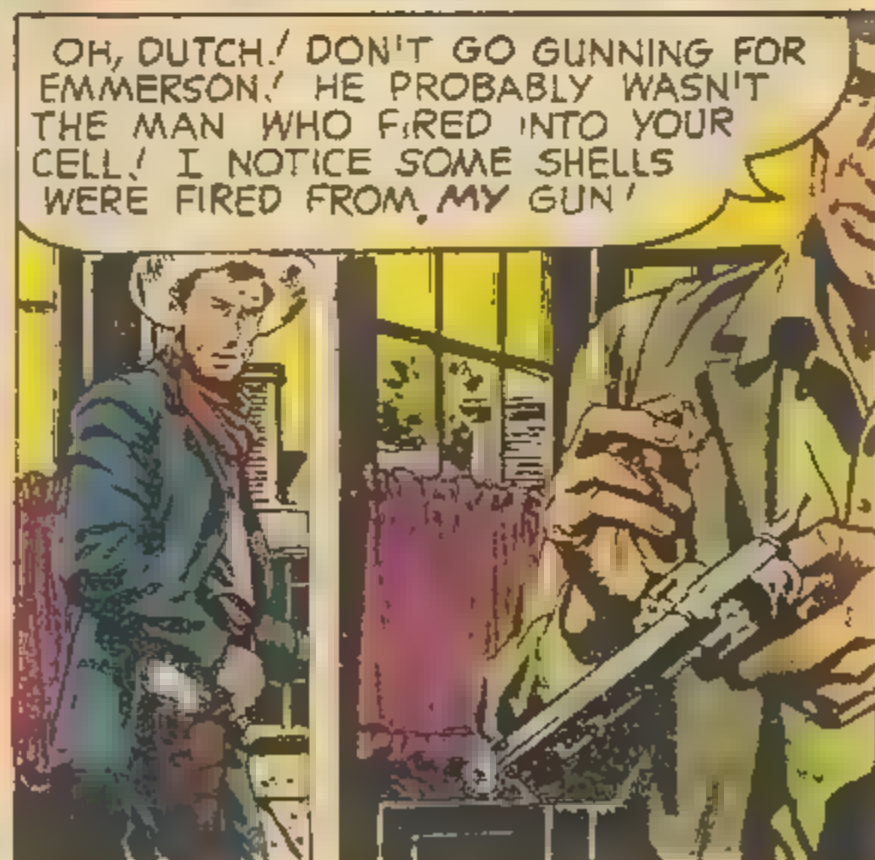
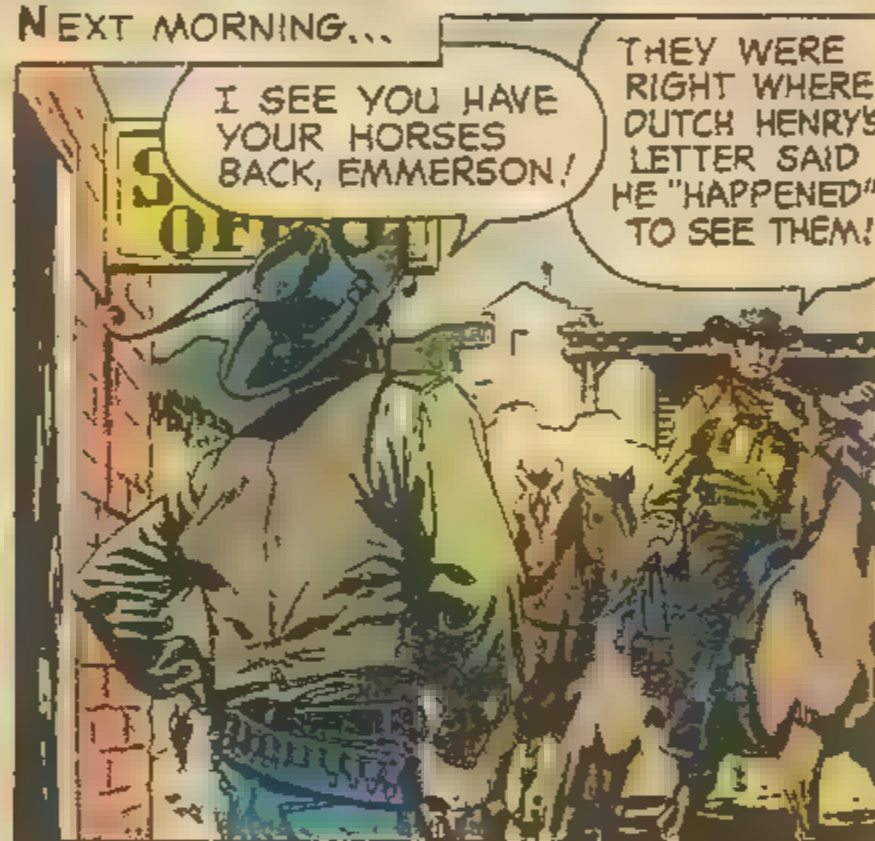
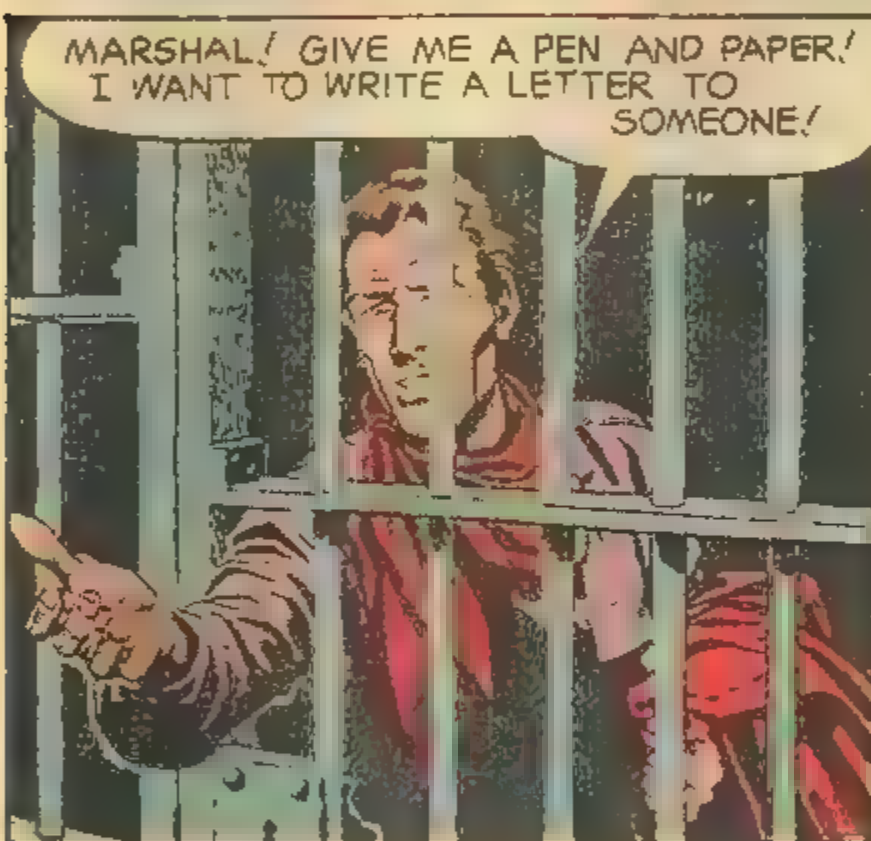
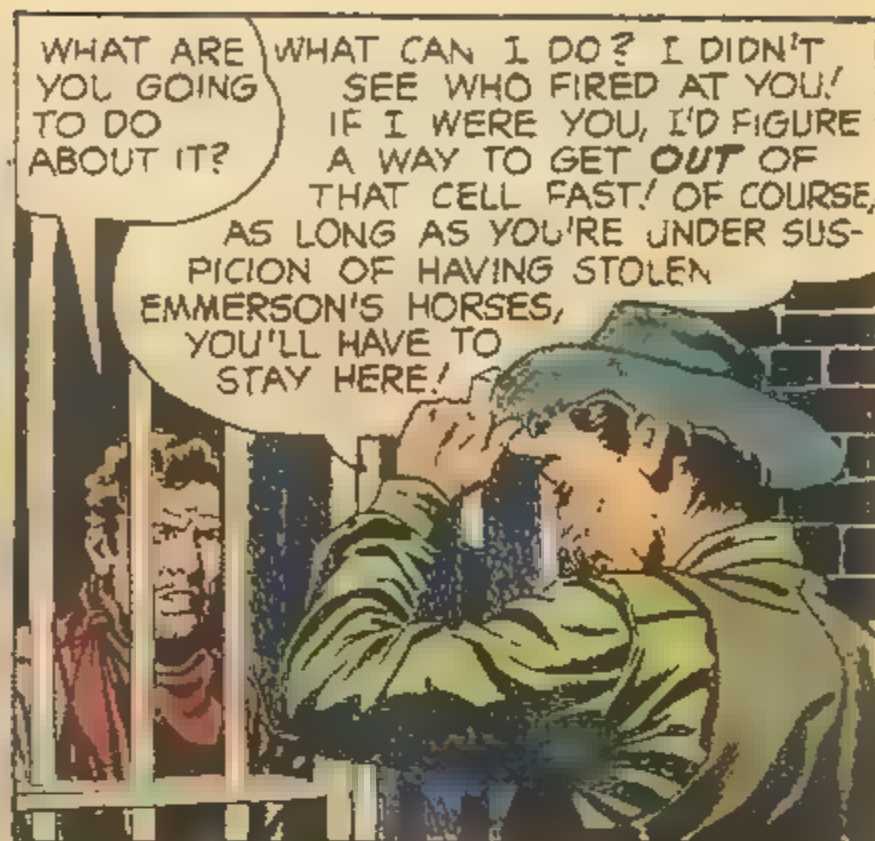
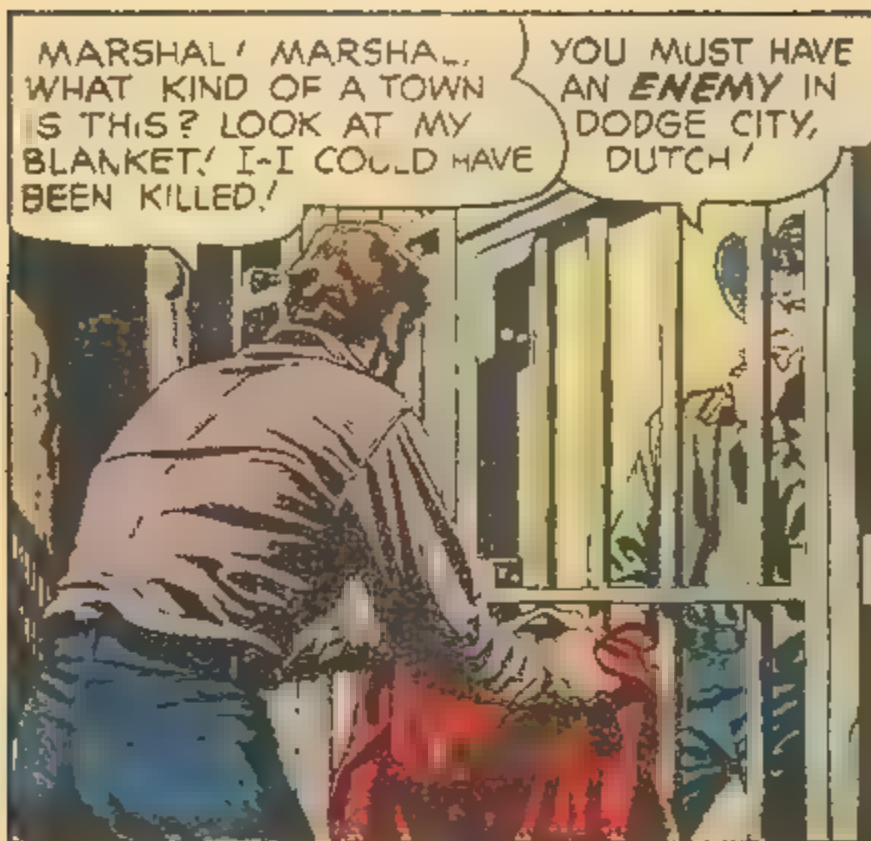


BUT IN A FLASH, DUTCH HENRY PUT A FINGER ON THE COLT'S HAMMER, KEEPING THE GUN FROM FIRING, AS HE CLAWED FOR HIS OWN PISTOL.



THAT NIGHT, AS DUTCH HENRY ANGRILY TRIED TO SLEEP IN A DODGE CITY CELL...

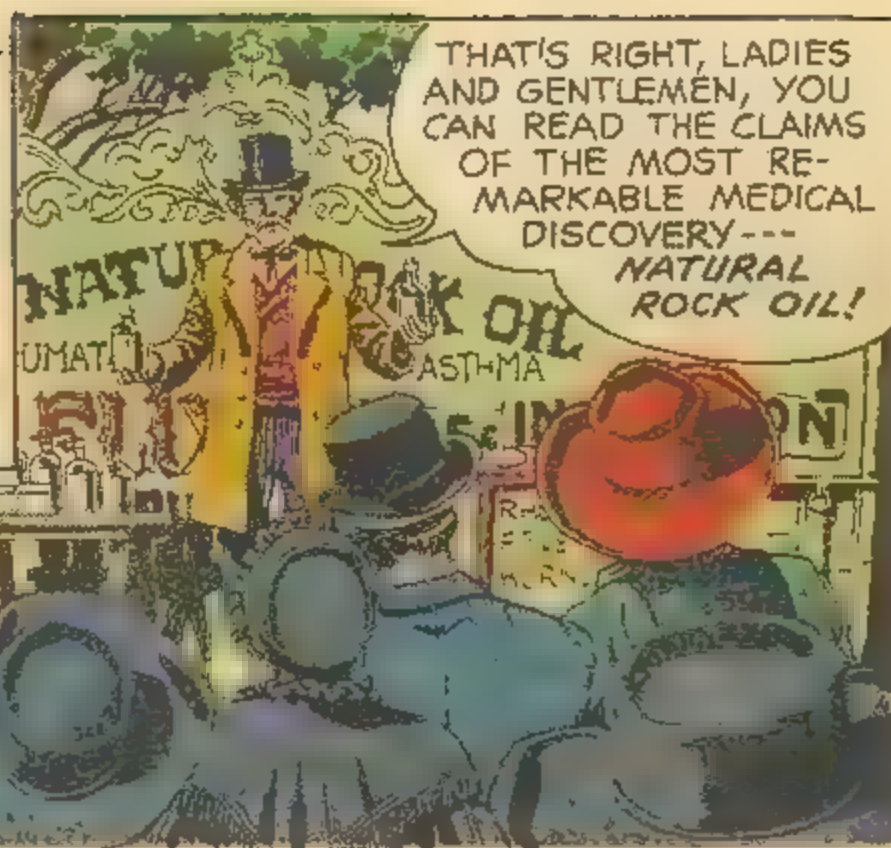


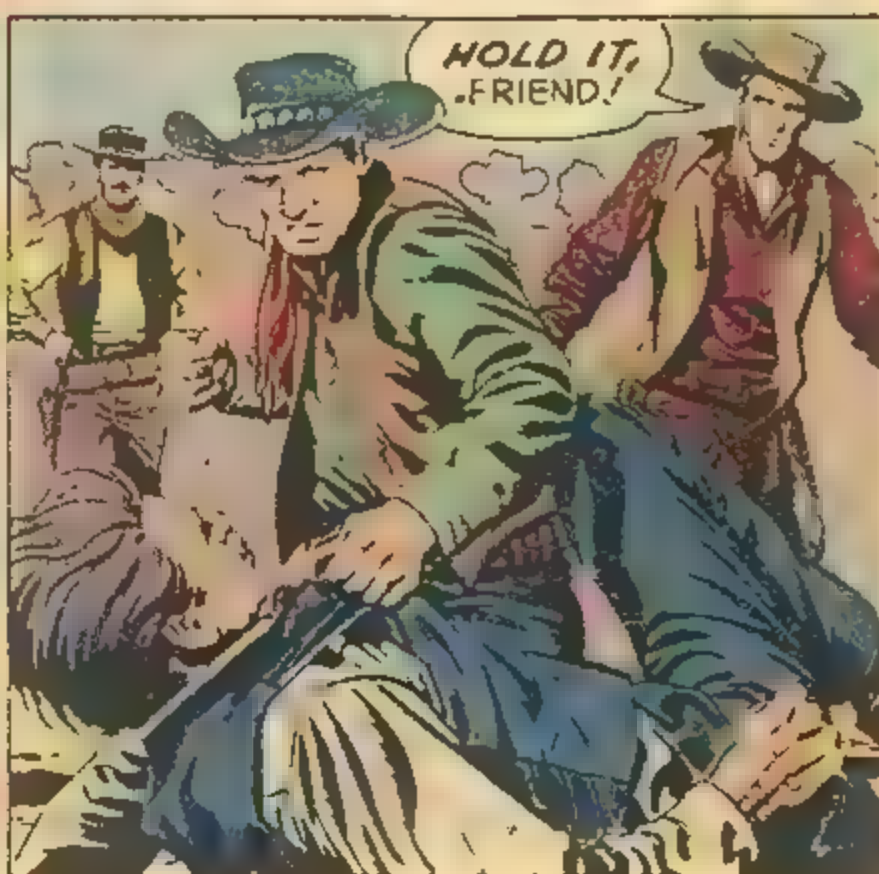
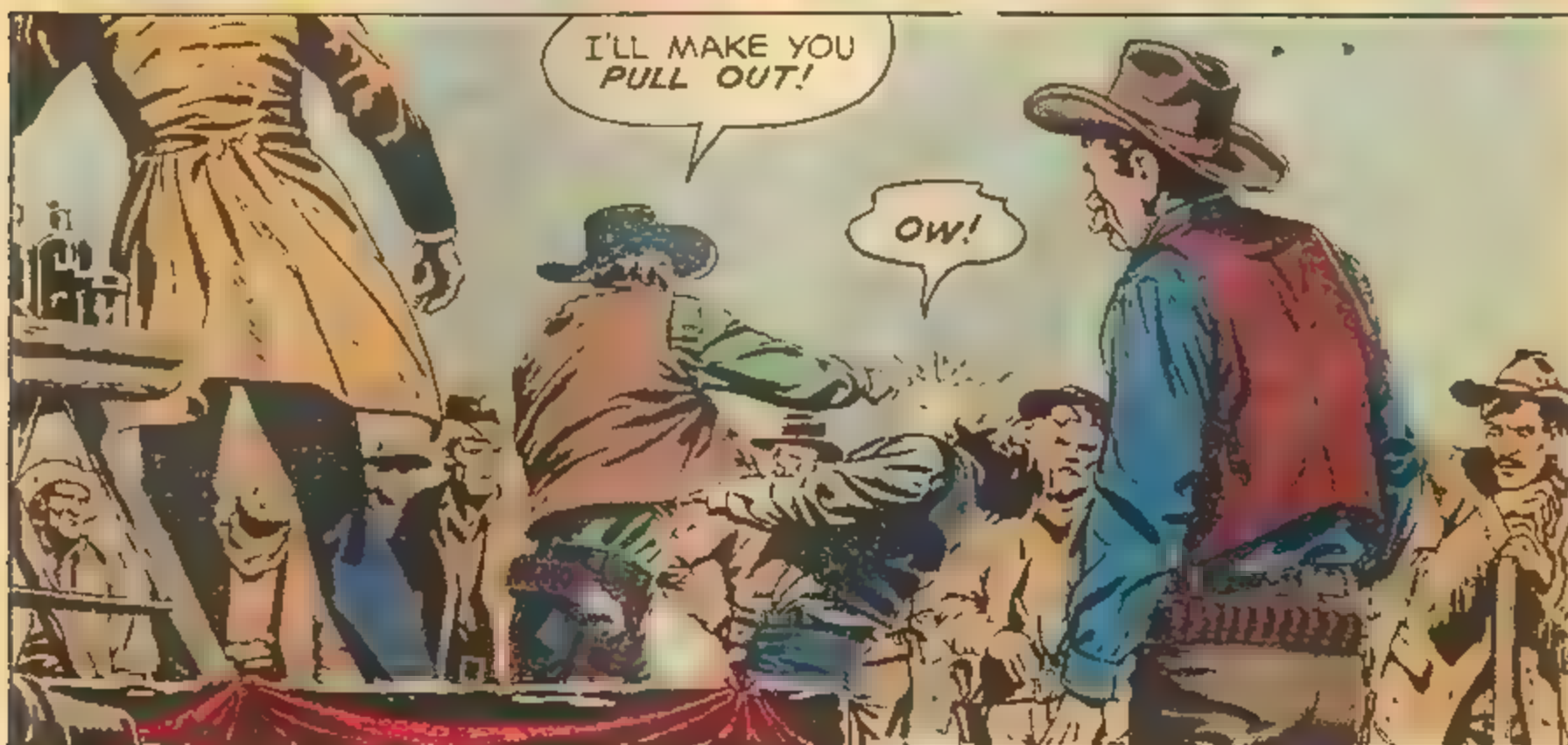
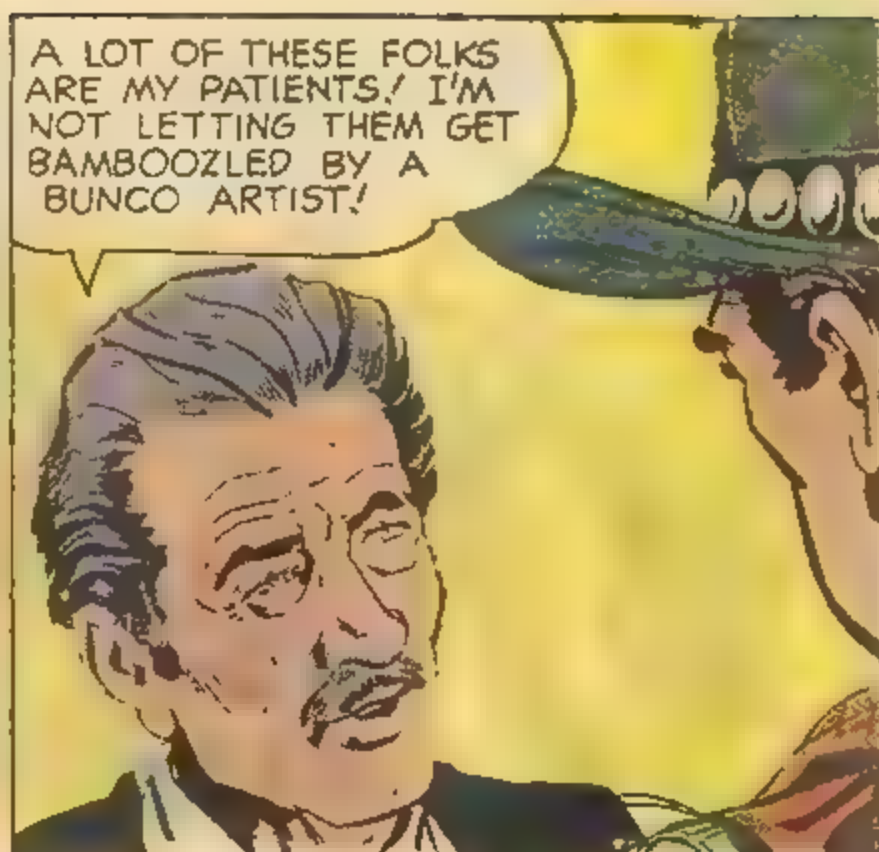
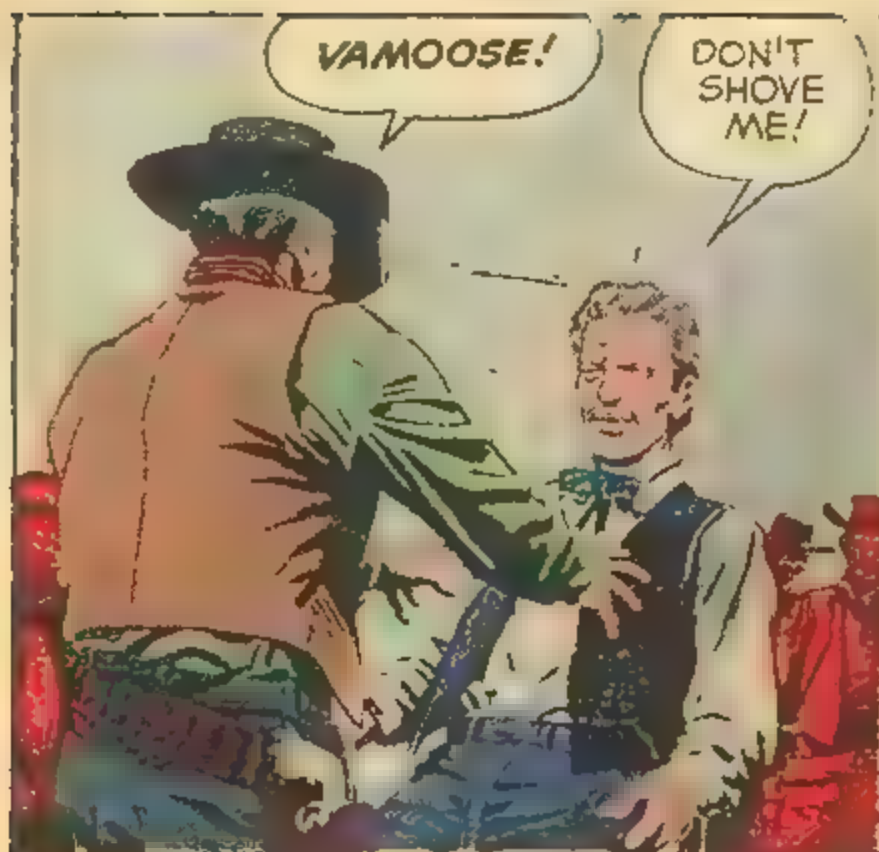


GUNSMOKE

The

BUNCO ARTIST

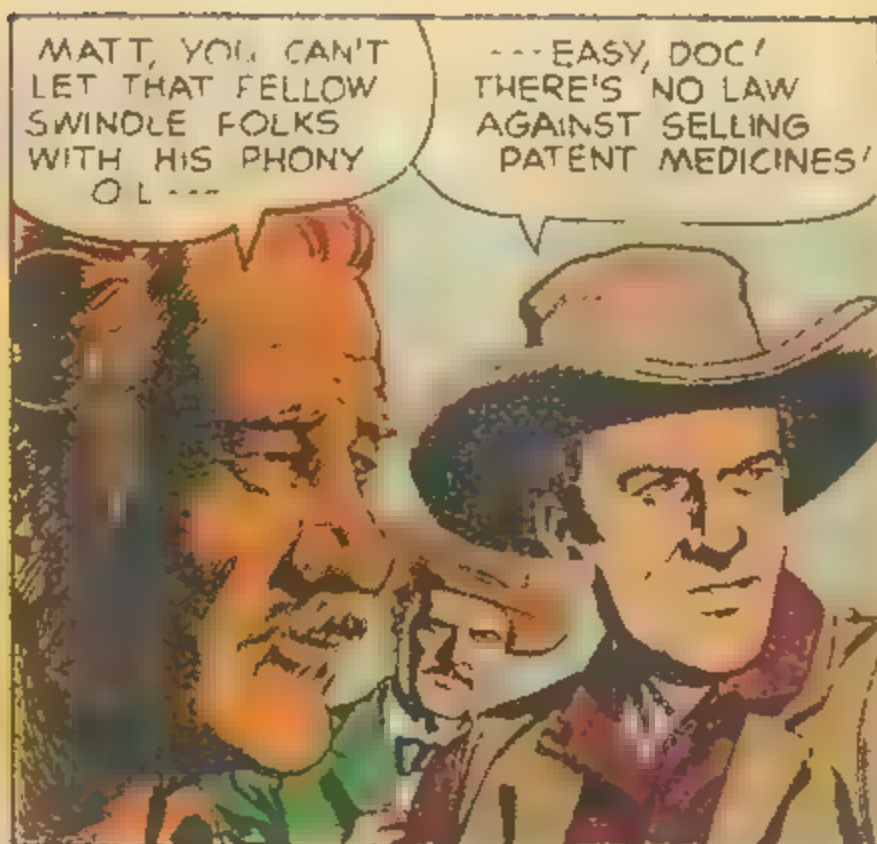






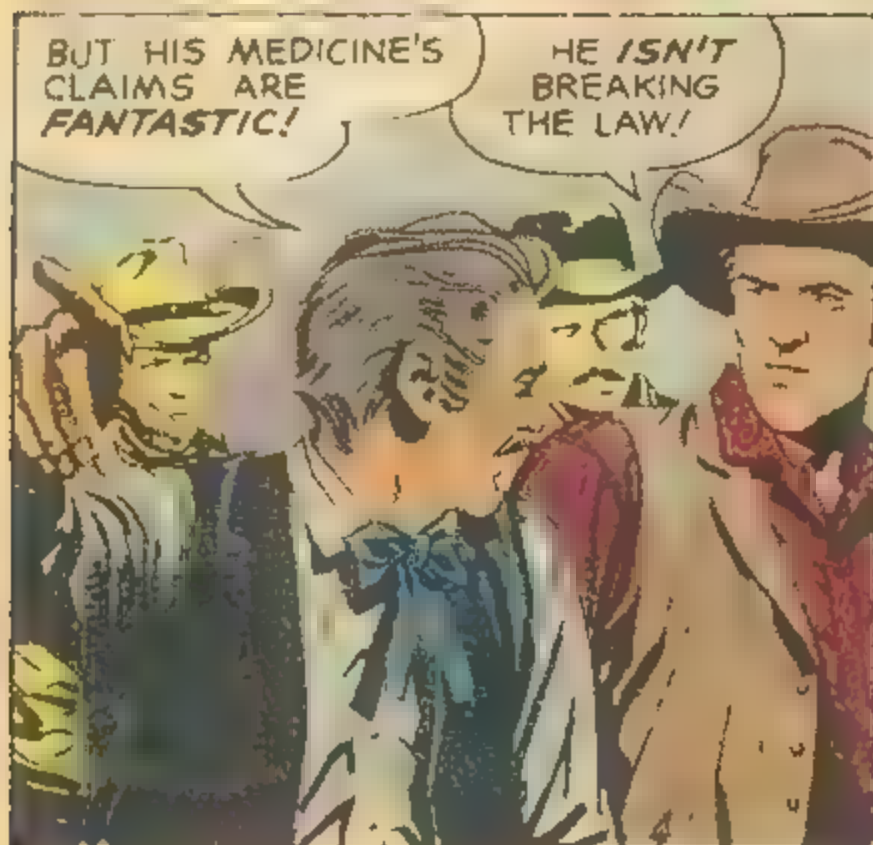
WHAT'S GOING ON?

HE STARTED CALLING PROFESSOR DUNN A FAKE AND TRIED TO BREAK UP THIS CROWD!



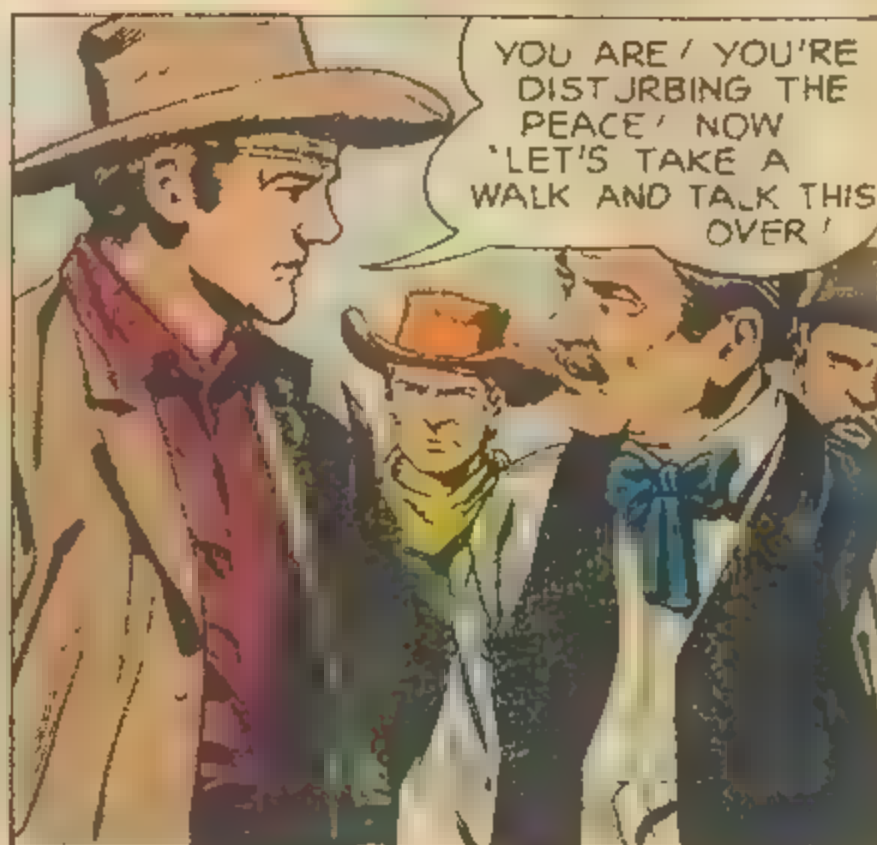
MATT, YOU CAN'T LET THAT FELLOW SWINDLE FOLKS WITH HIS PHONY OIL---

---EASY, DOC! THERE'S NO LAW AGAINST SELLING PATENT MEDICINES!

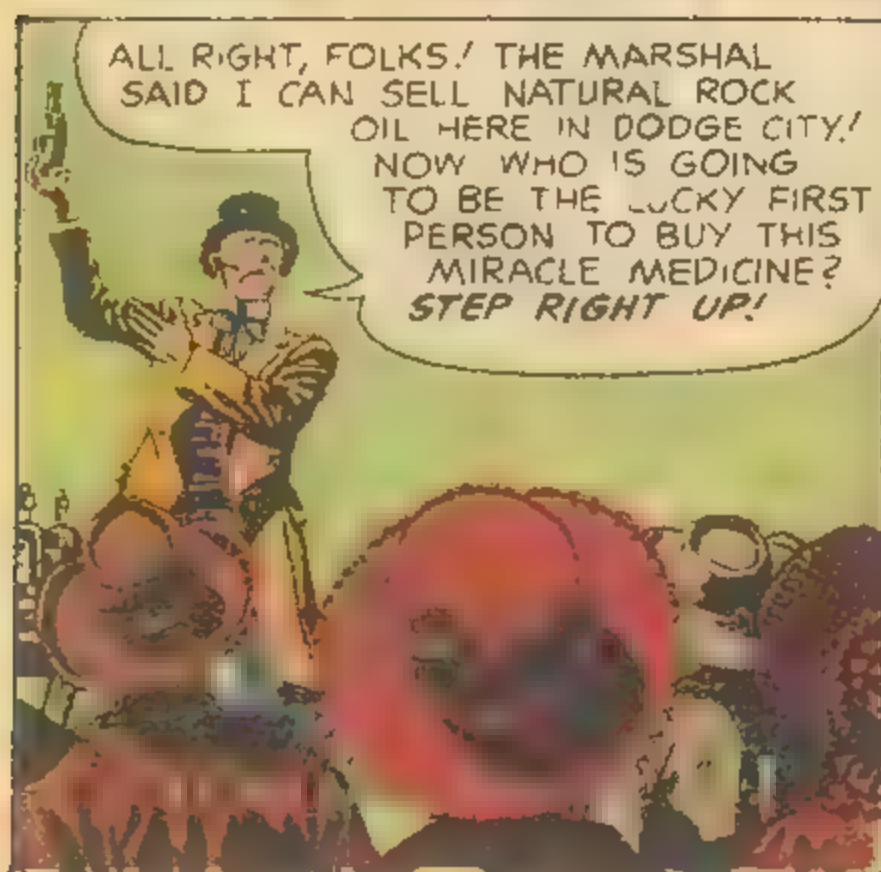


BUT HIS MEDICINE'S CLAIMS ARE **FANTASTIC!**

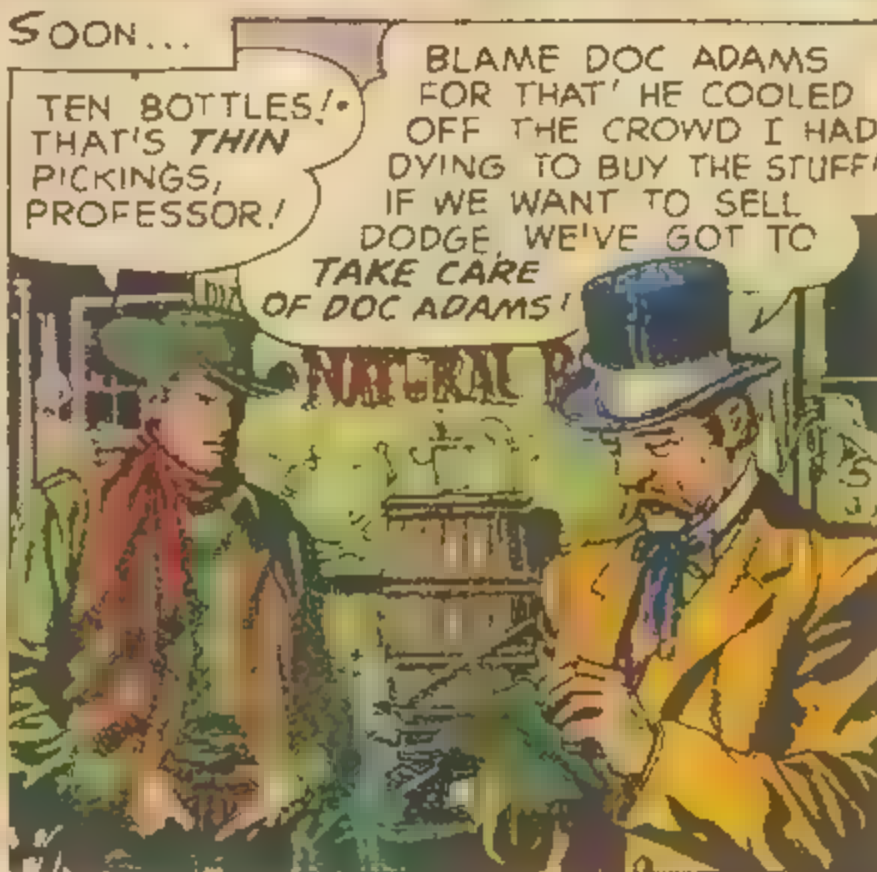
HE *ISN'T* BREAKING THE LAW!



YOU ARE! YOU'RE DISTURBING THE PEACE! NOW 'LET'S TAKE A WALK AND TALK THIS OVER!'



ALL RIGHT, FOLKS! THE MARSHAL SAID I CAN SELL NATURAL ROCK OIL HERE IN DODGE CITY! NOW WHO IS GOING TO BE THE LUCKY FIRST PERSON TO BUY THIS MIRACLE MEDICINE? **STEP RIGHT UP!**



SOON...

TEN BOTTLES! THAT'S *THIN* PICKINGS, PROFESSOR!

BLAME DOC ADAMS FOR THAT! HE COOLED OFF THE CROWD I HAD DYING TO BUY THE STUFF! IF WE WANT TO SELL DODGE, WE'VE GOT TO **TAKE CARE OF DOC ADAMS!**

THAT EVENING...

WHAT
DO
YOU
WANT?

I THINK MY
MEDICINE
MIGHT
INTEREST
YOU!



THAT
PHONY
OIL---

---YOU'RE A SCIENTIFIC
MAN! WHY NOT **EXAMINE**
WHAT'S IN THE BOTTLE
BEFORE SCOFFING
AT IT?



MONEY?

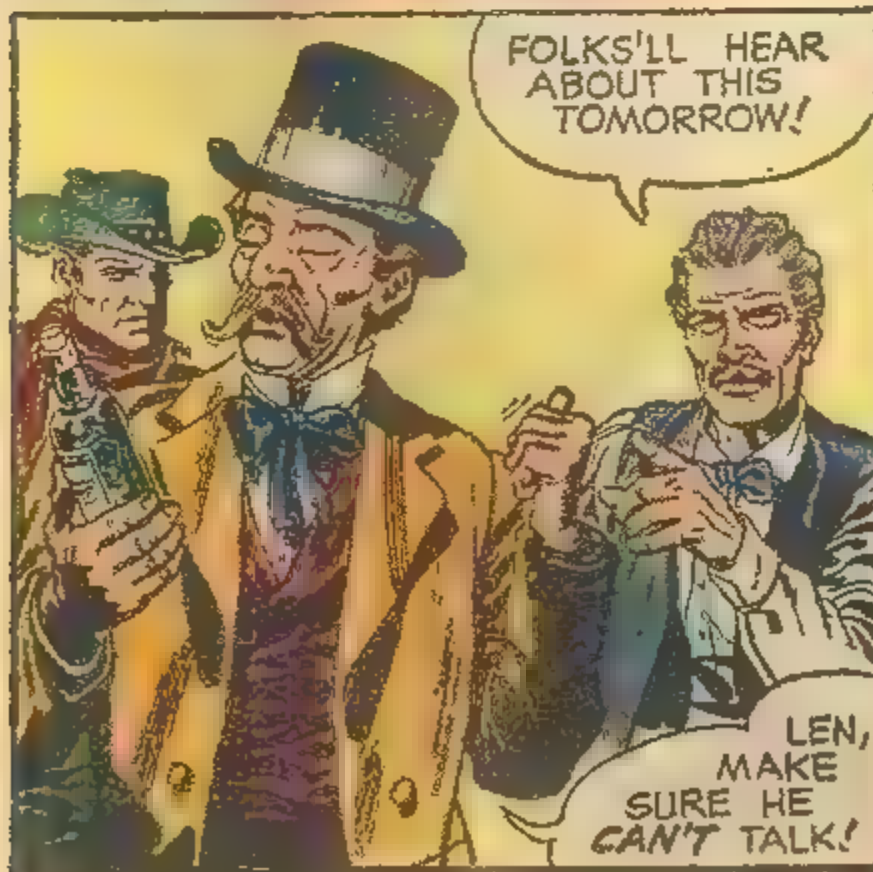


YOU'RE
NOT
BRIBING
ME!

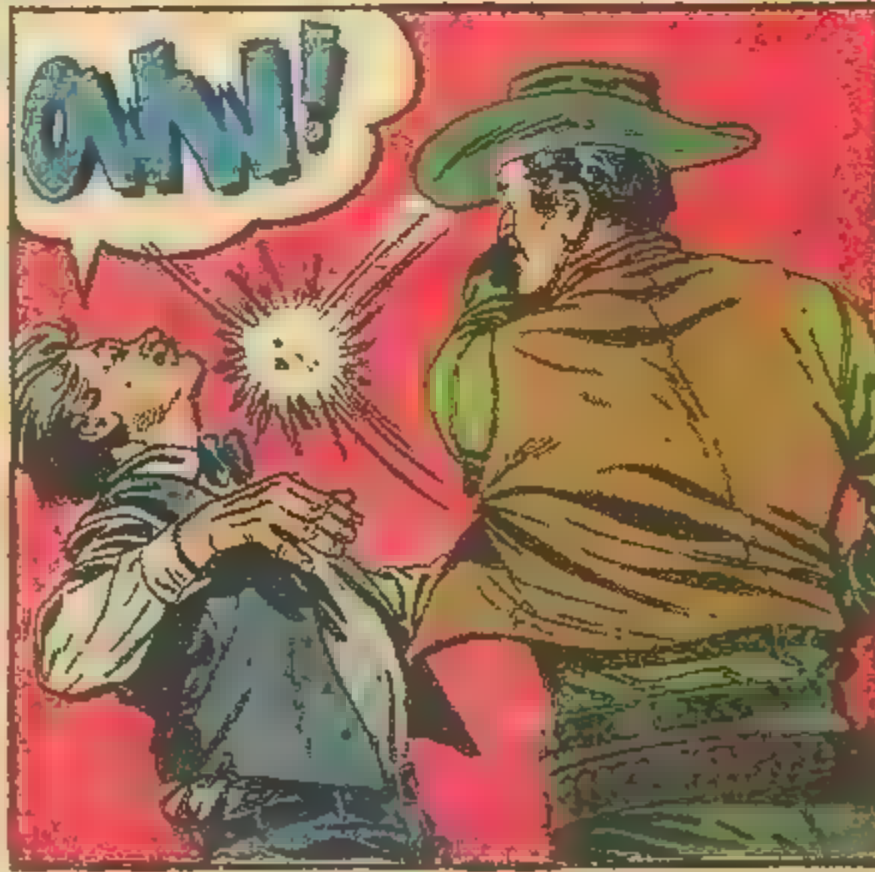
OKAY, HAVE
IT YOUR OWN
WAY! WE TRIED
TO CUT YOU IN
ON THE DEAL!

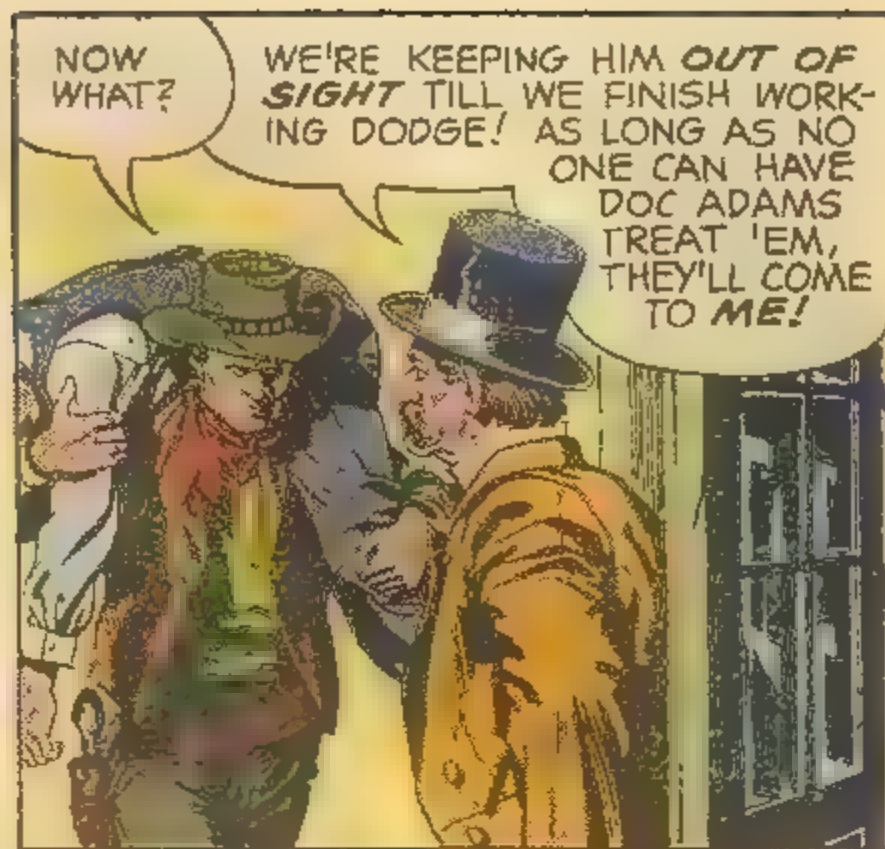


FOLKS'LL HEAR
ABOUT THIS
TOMORROW!

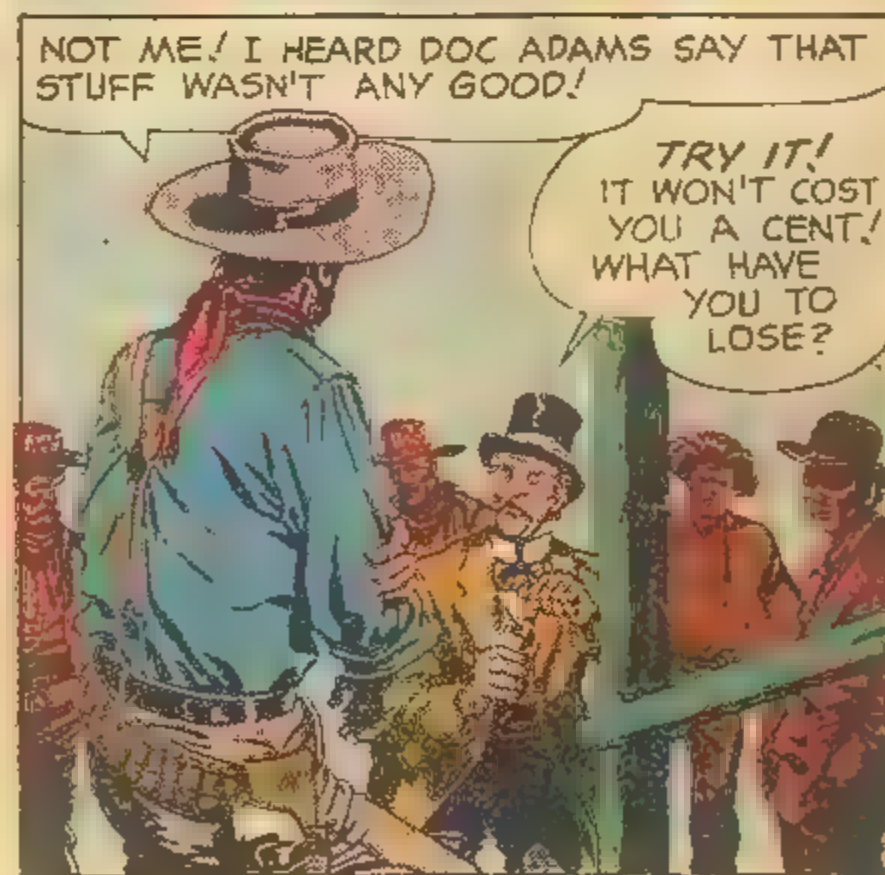
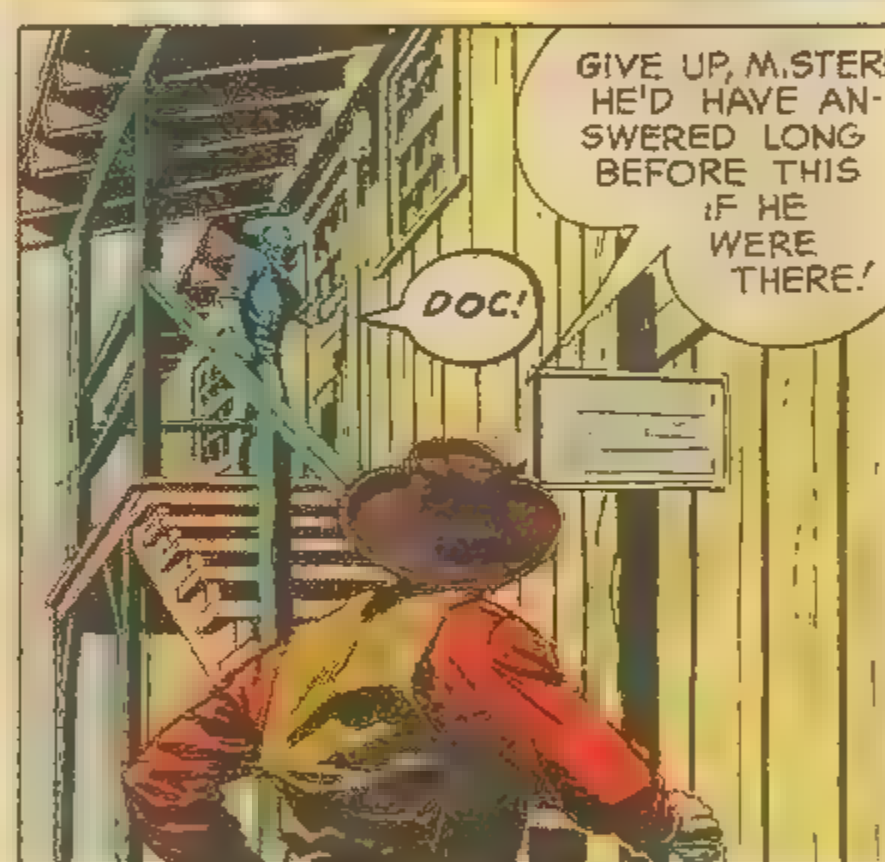
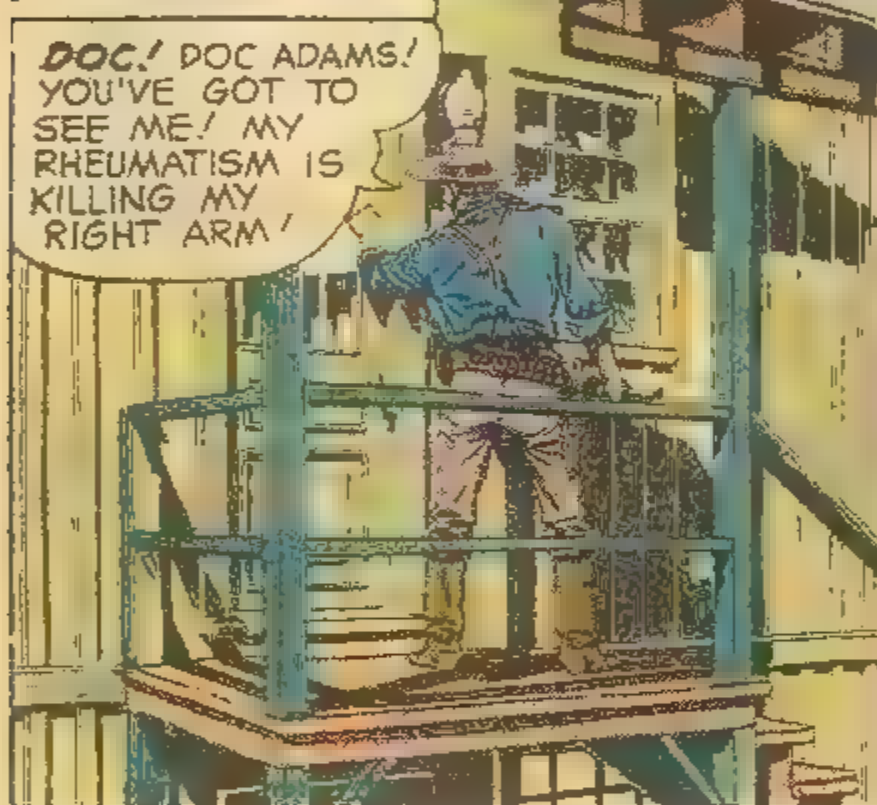


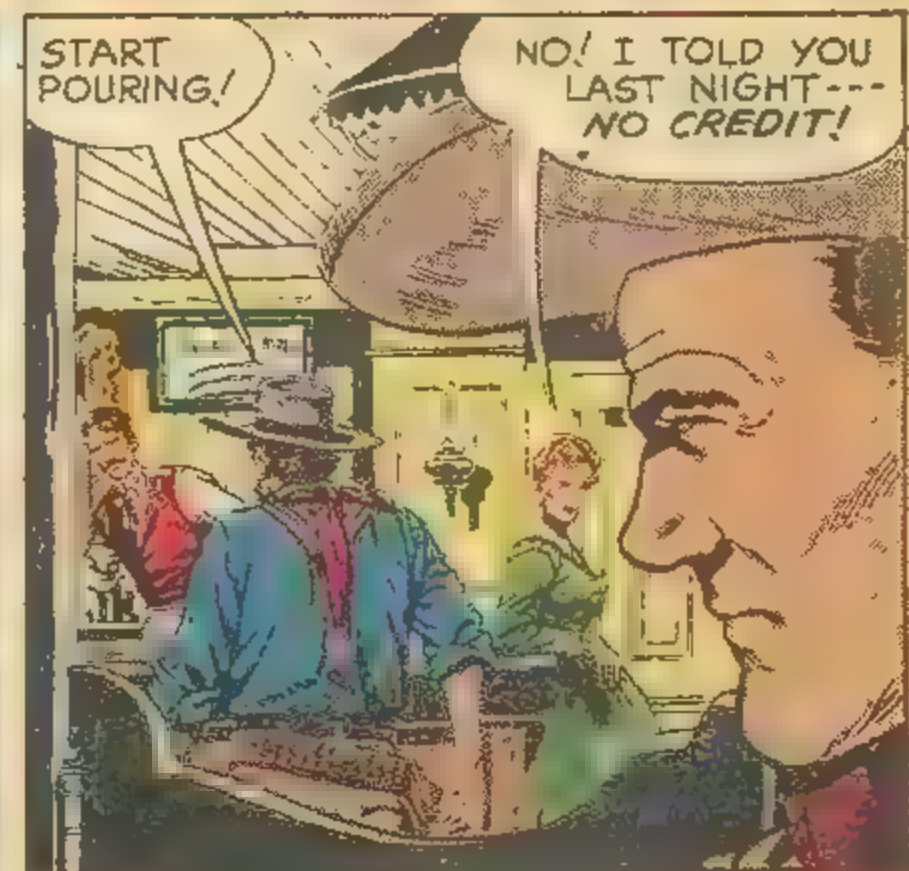
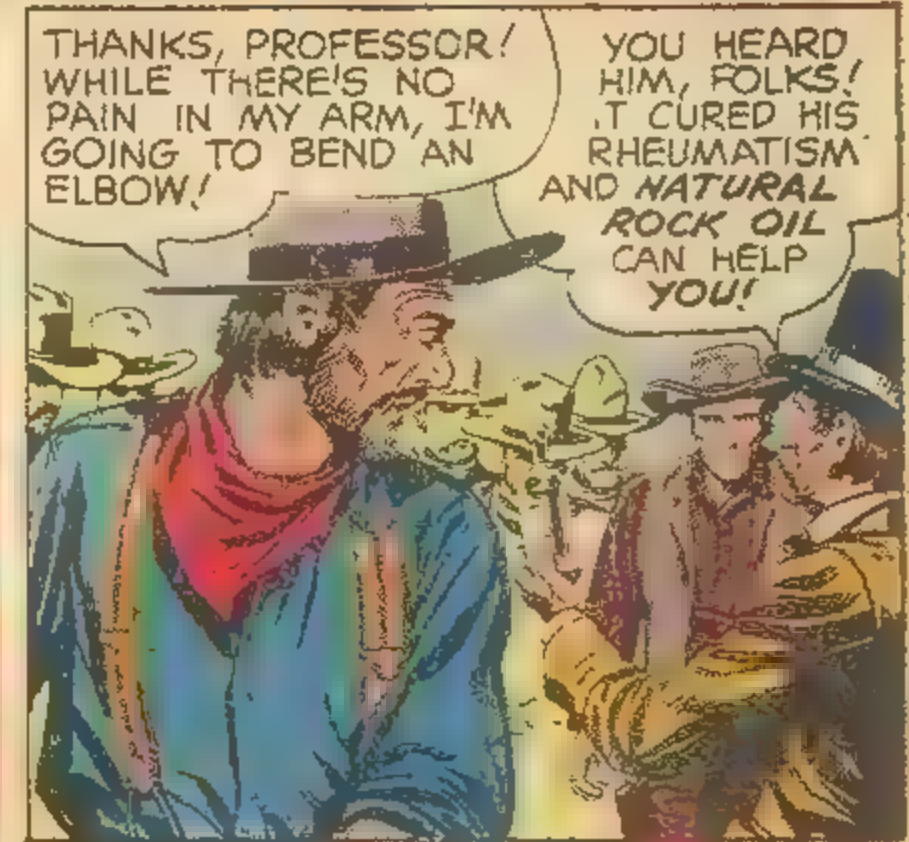
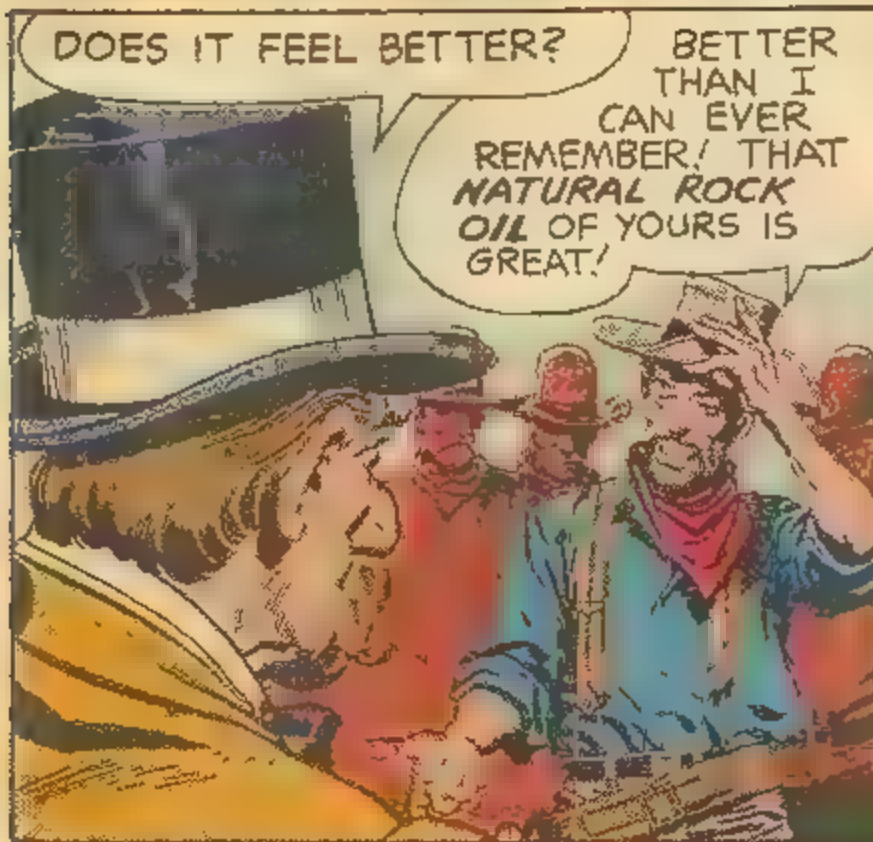
LEN,
MAKE
SURE HE
CAN'T TALK!

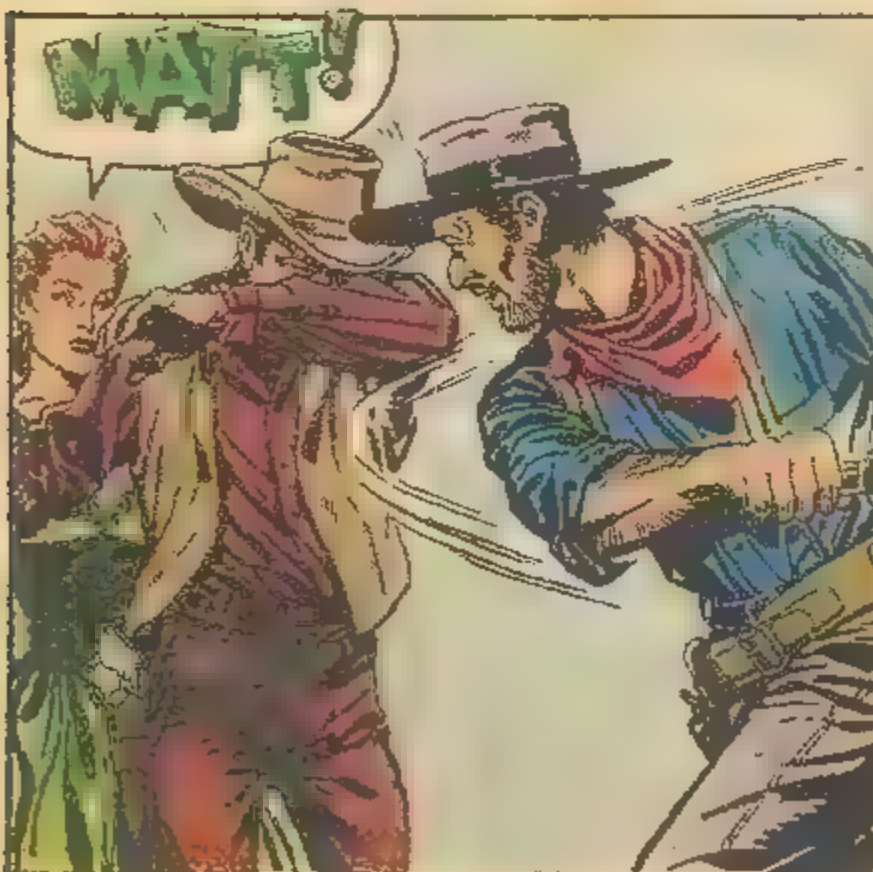
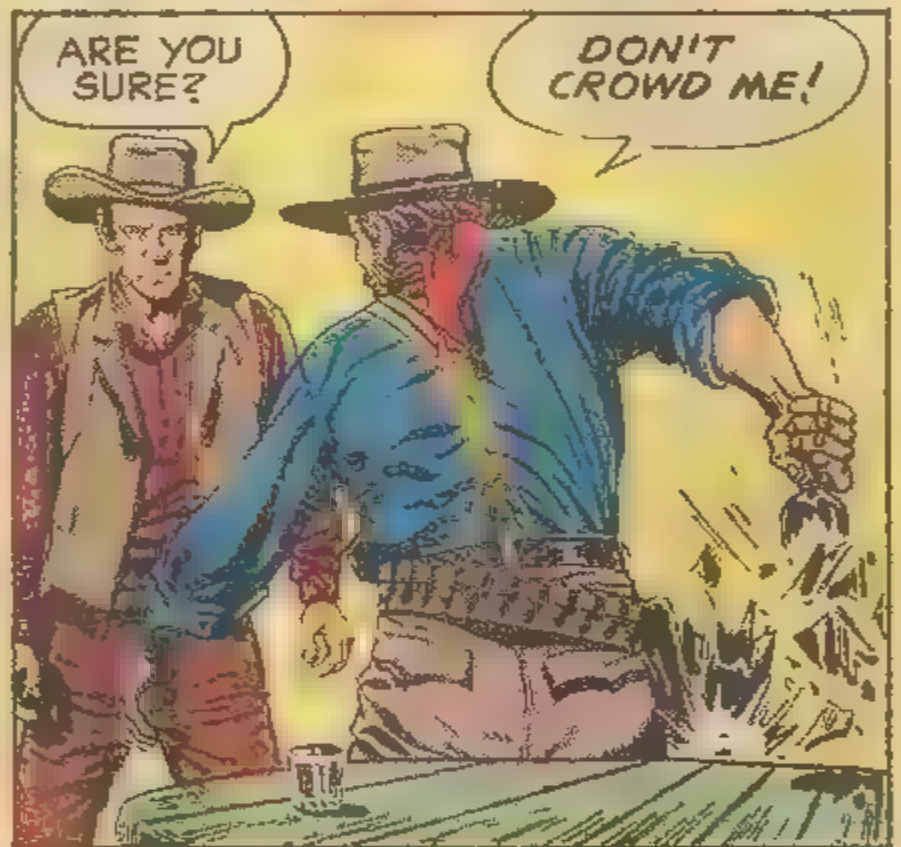
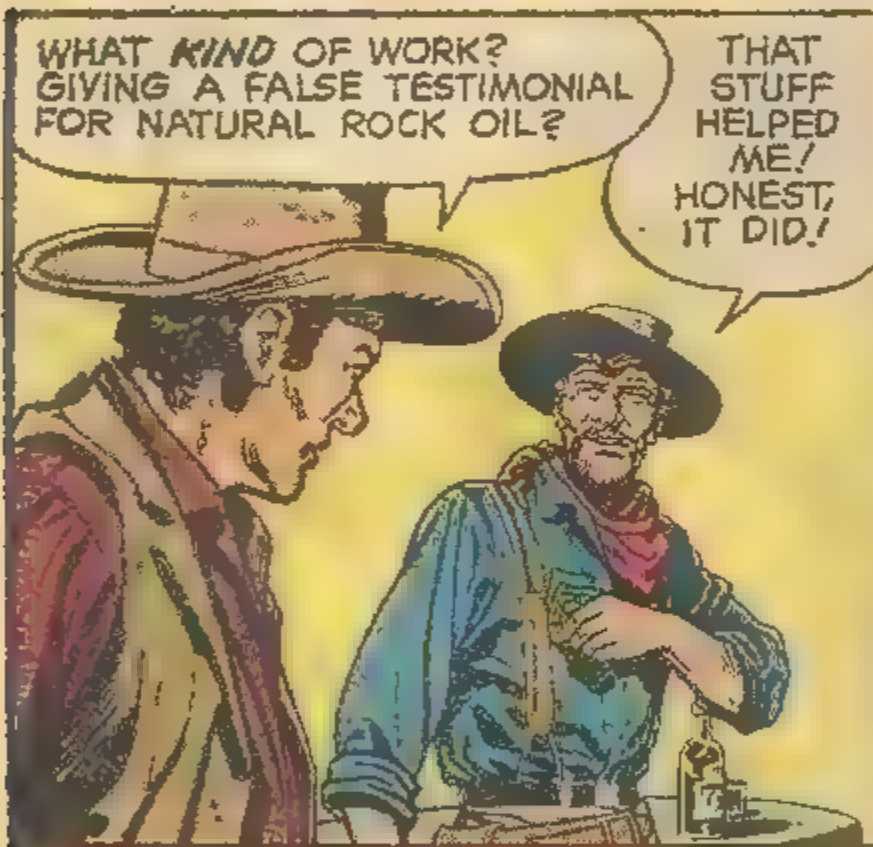
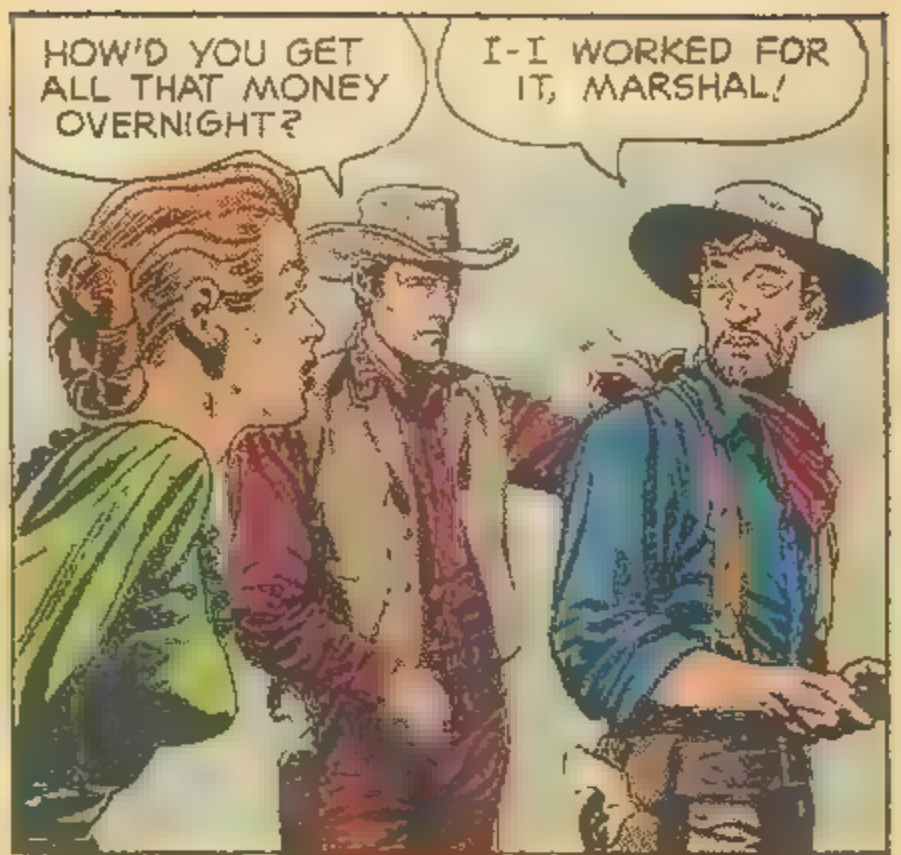
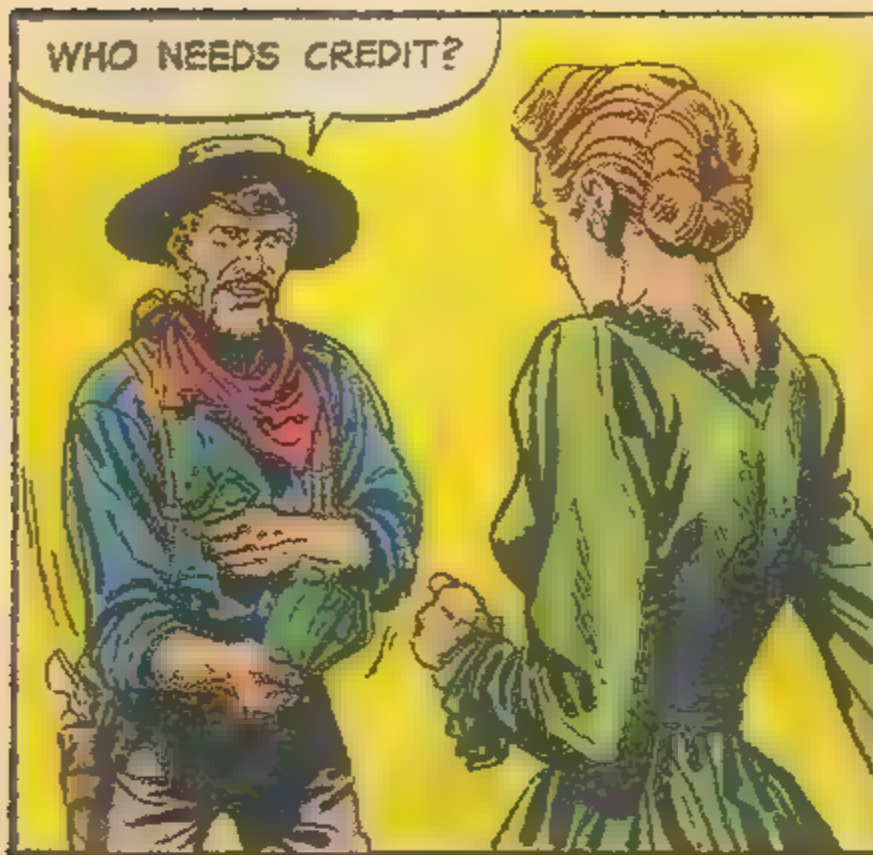


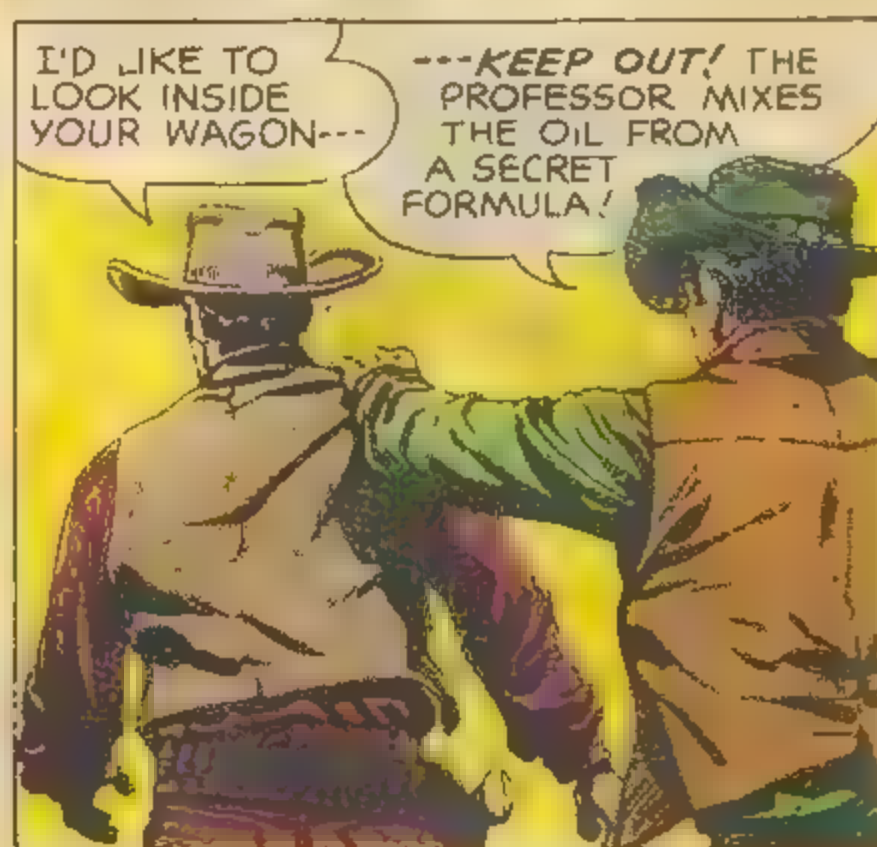
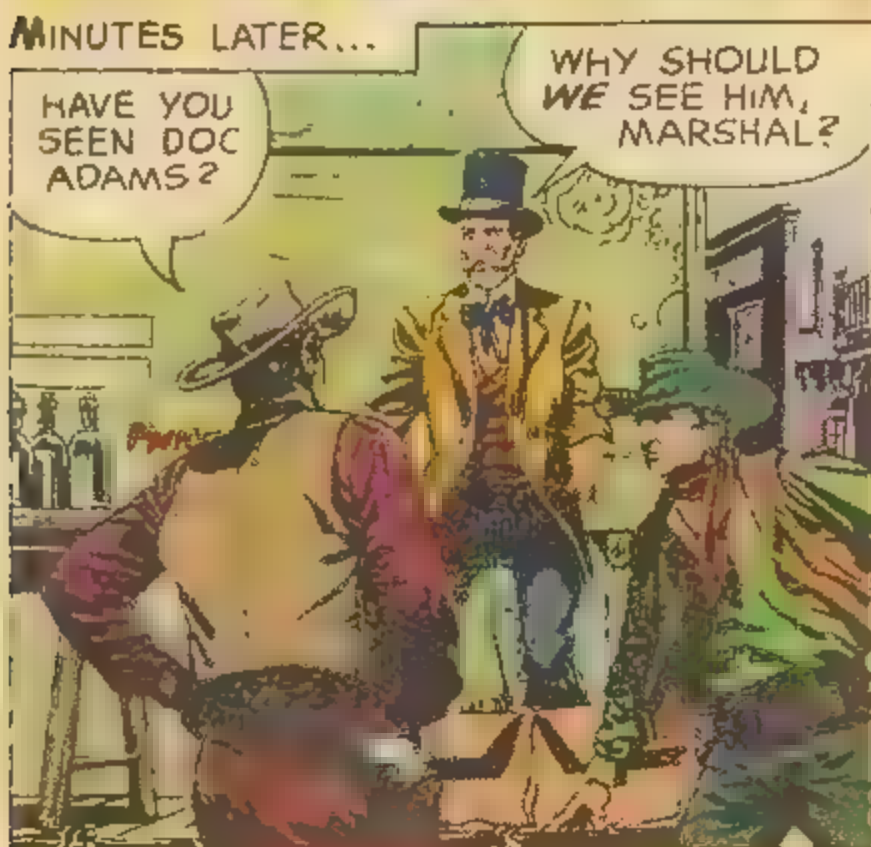
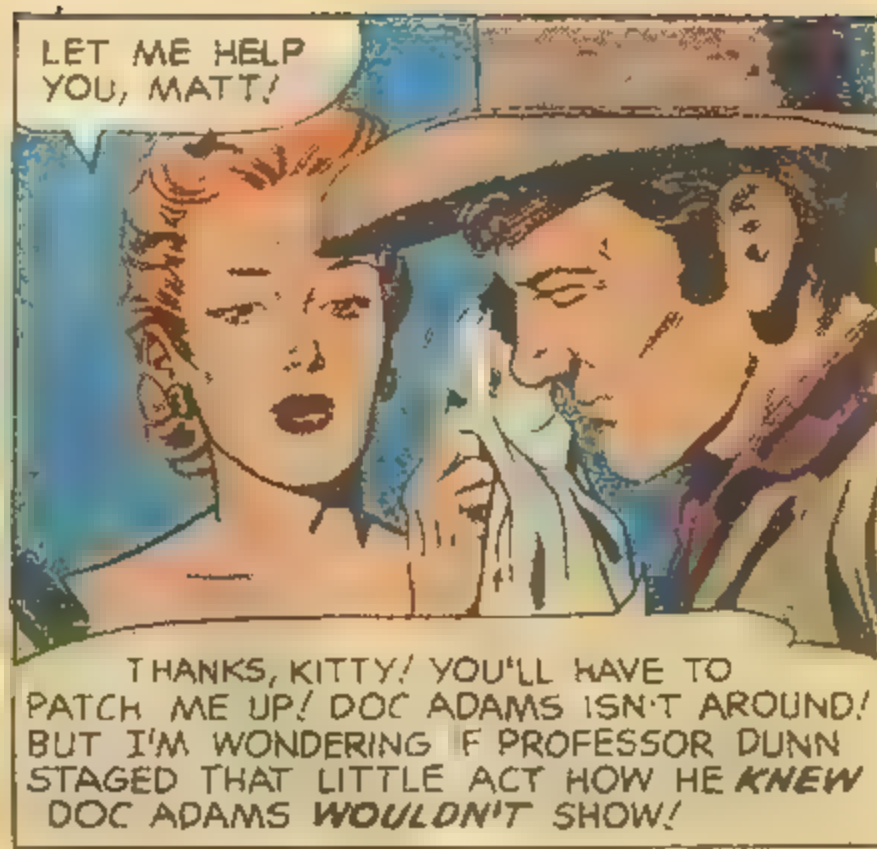
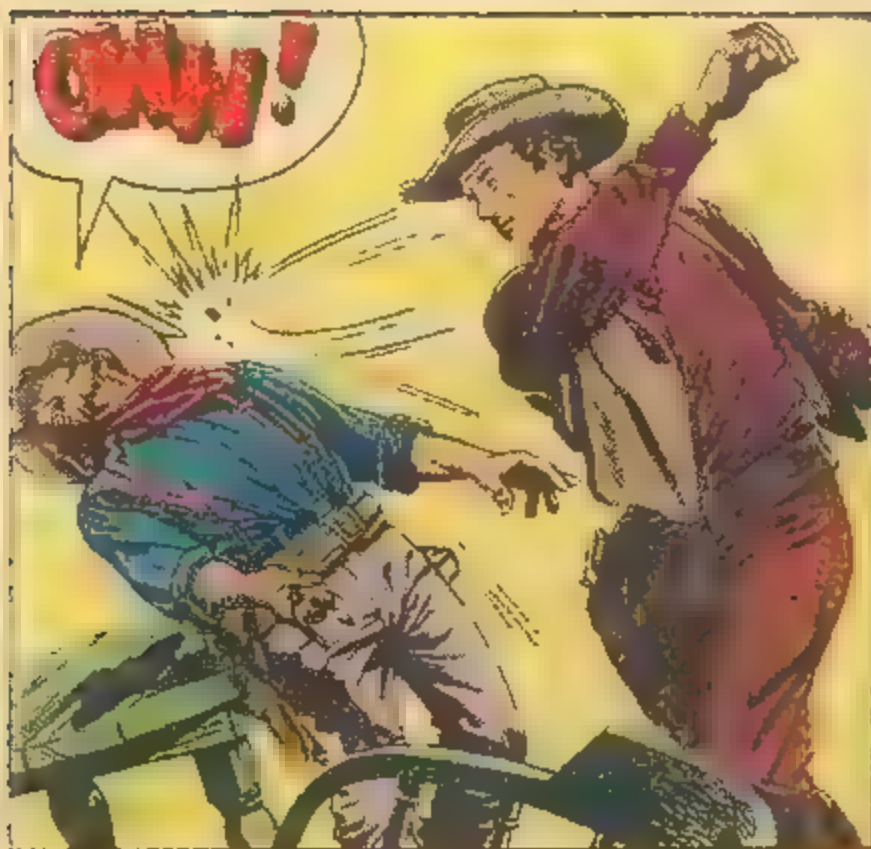


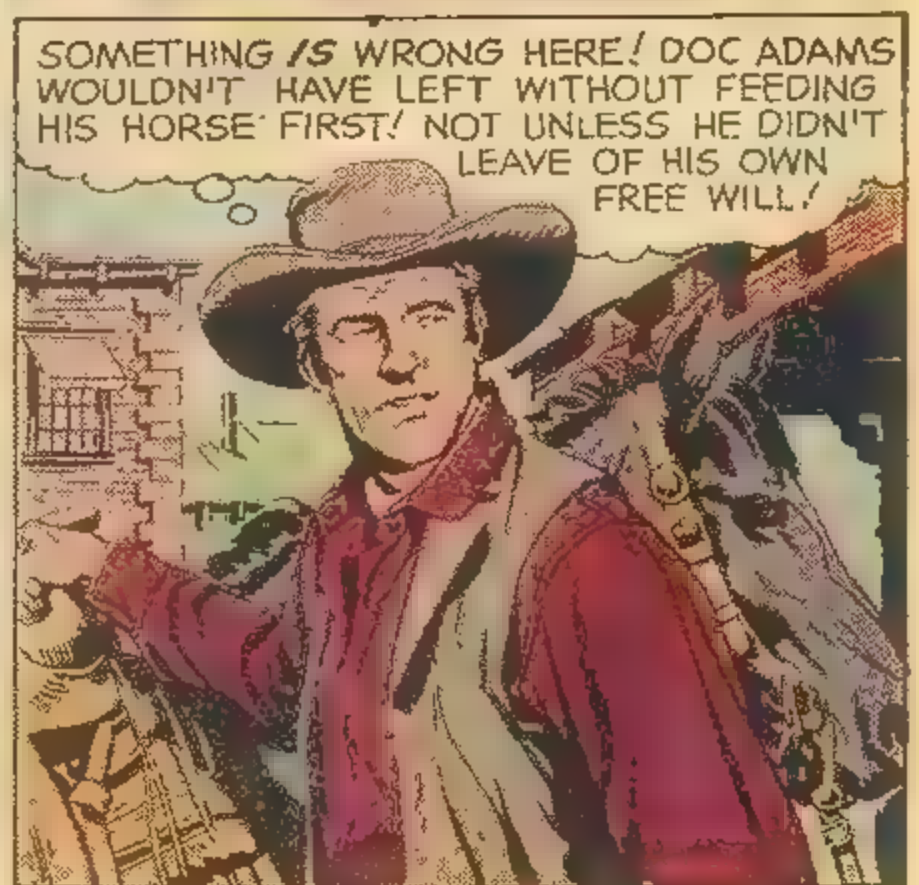
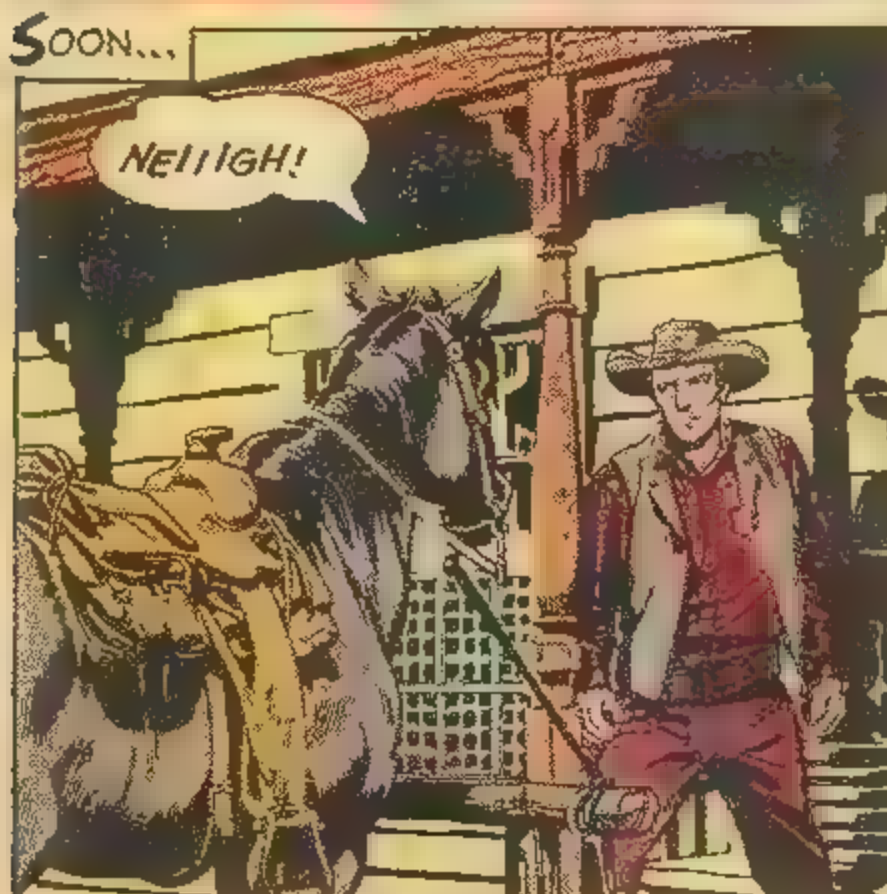
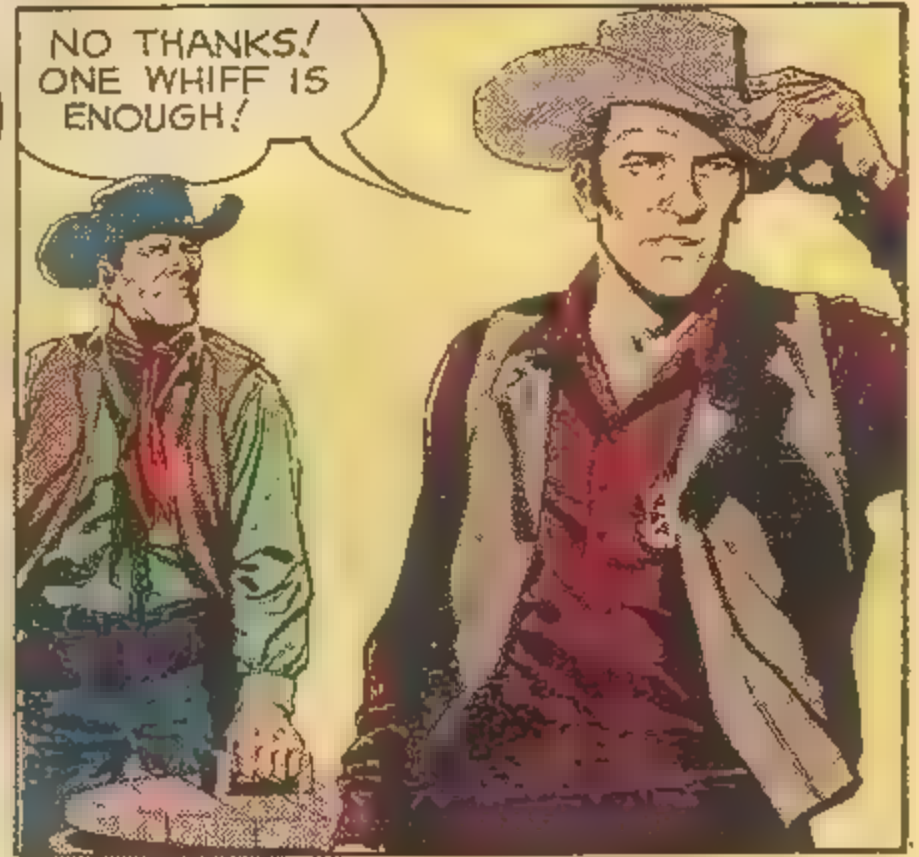
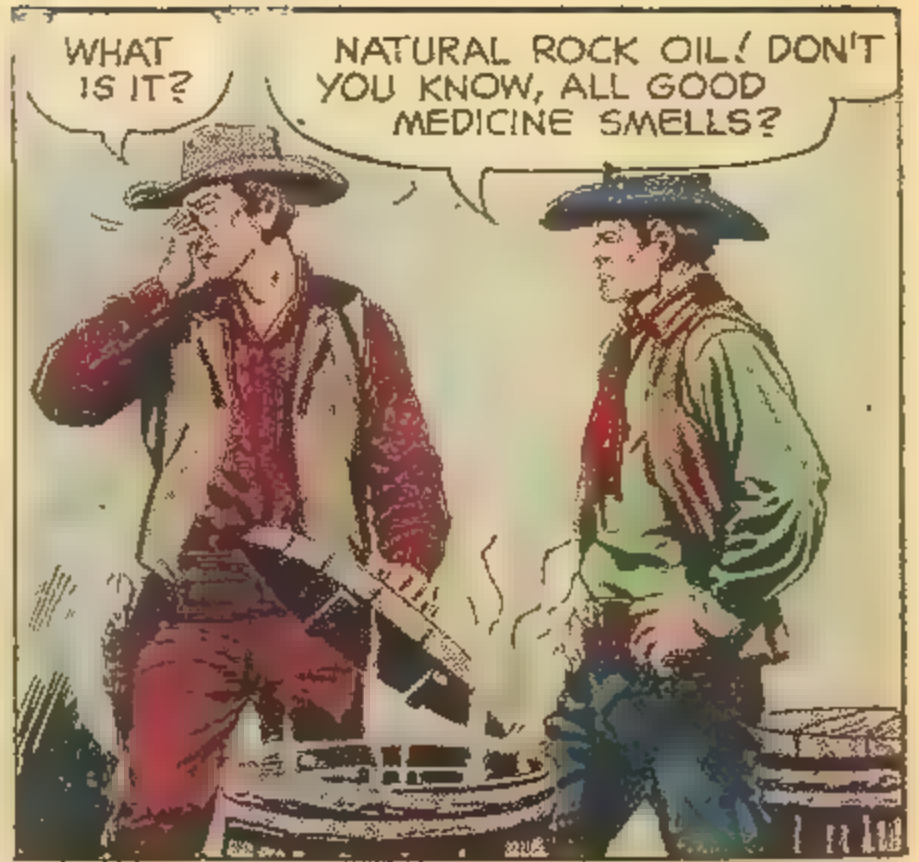
NEXT MORNING...

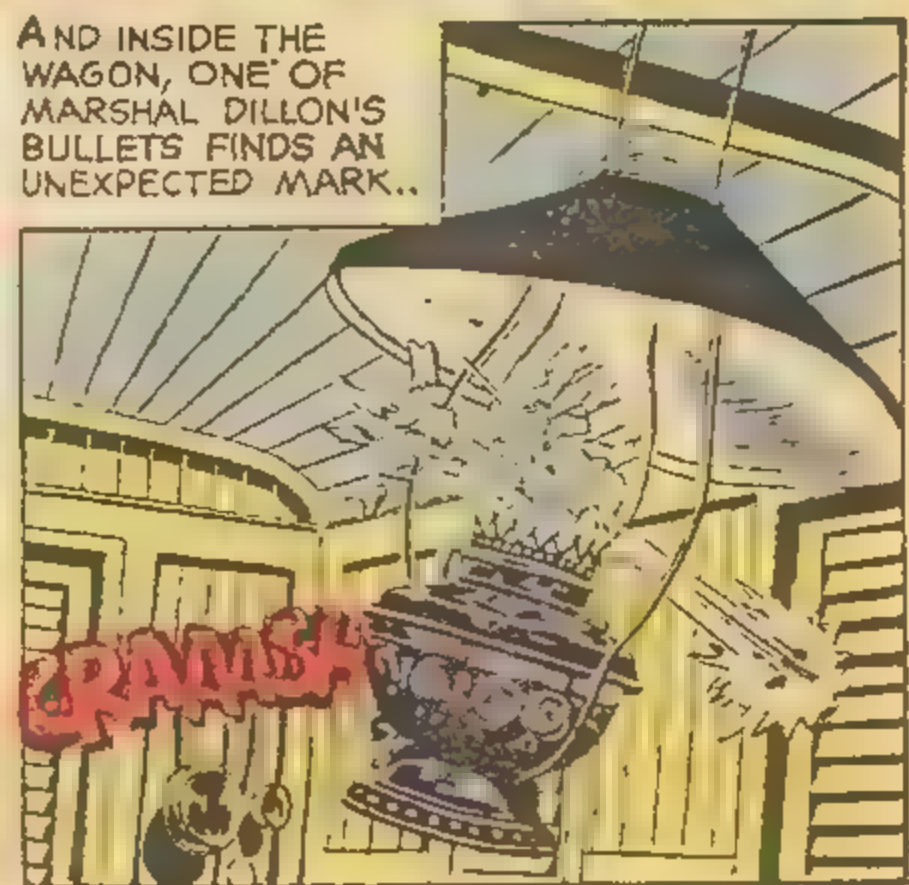
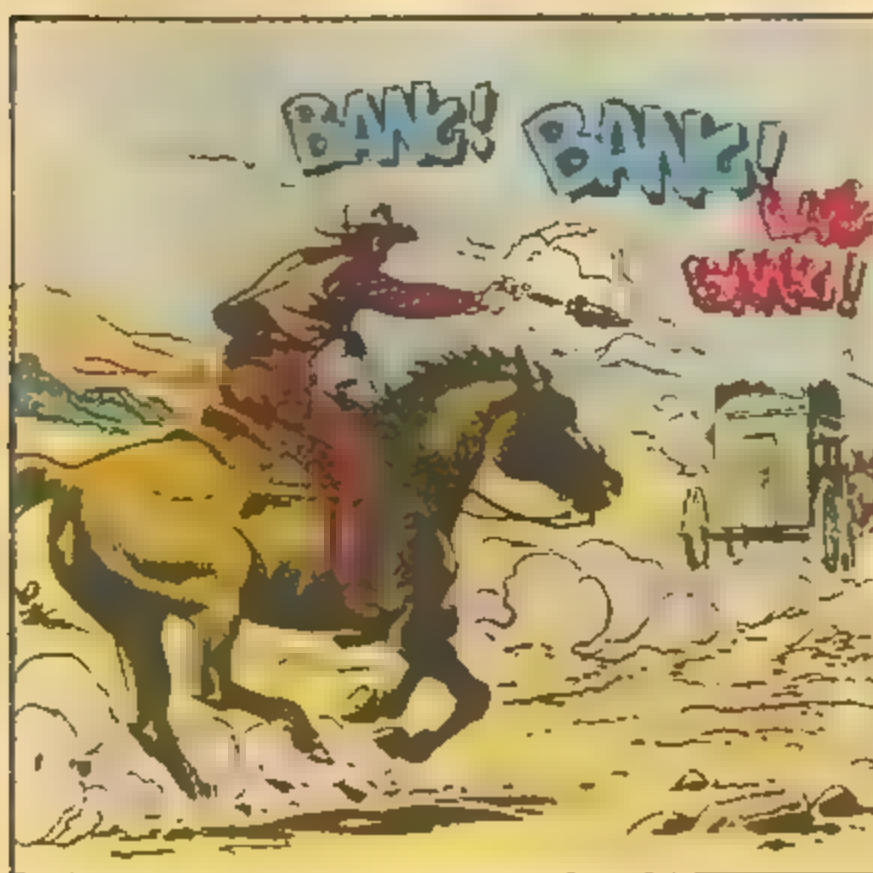
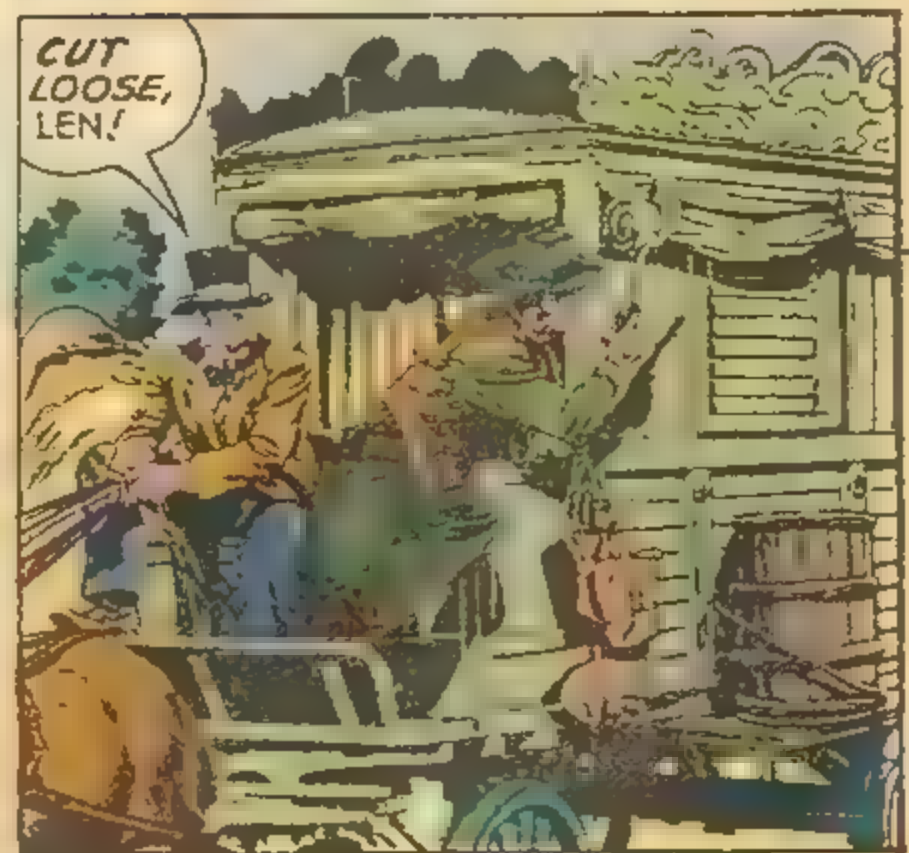
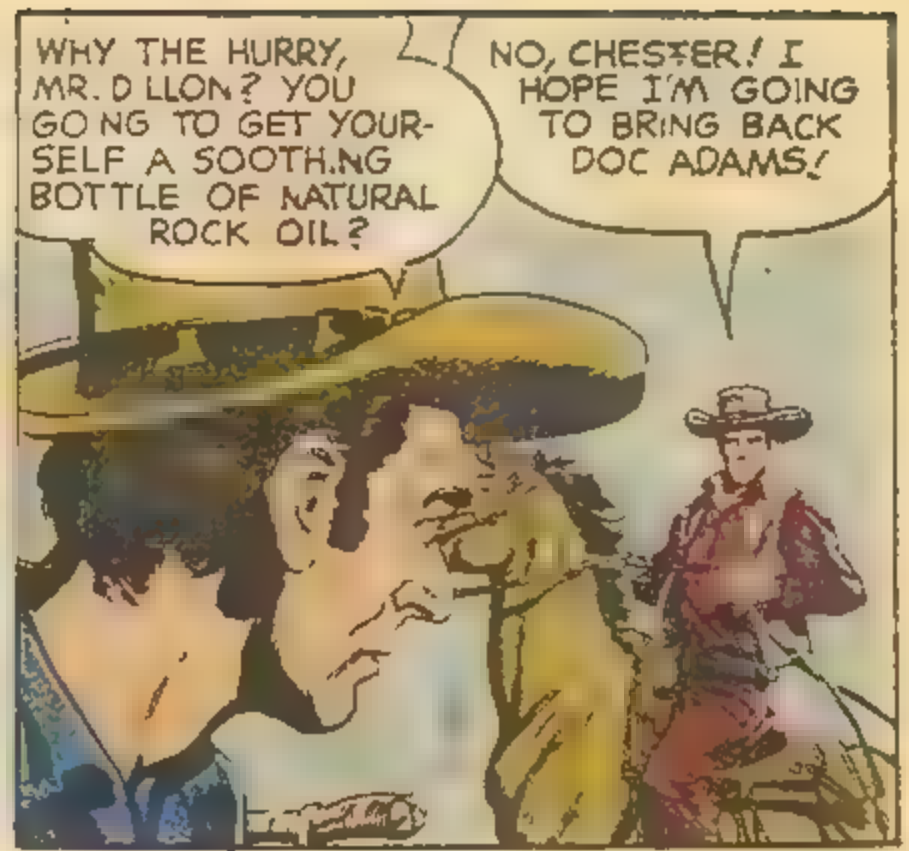
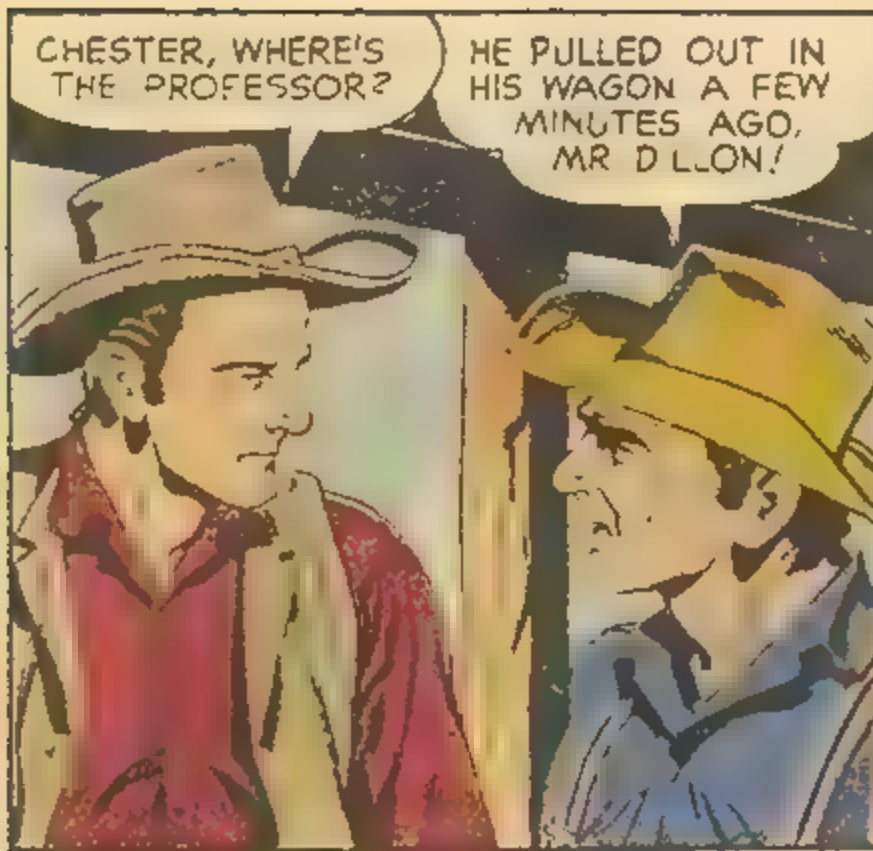


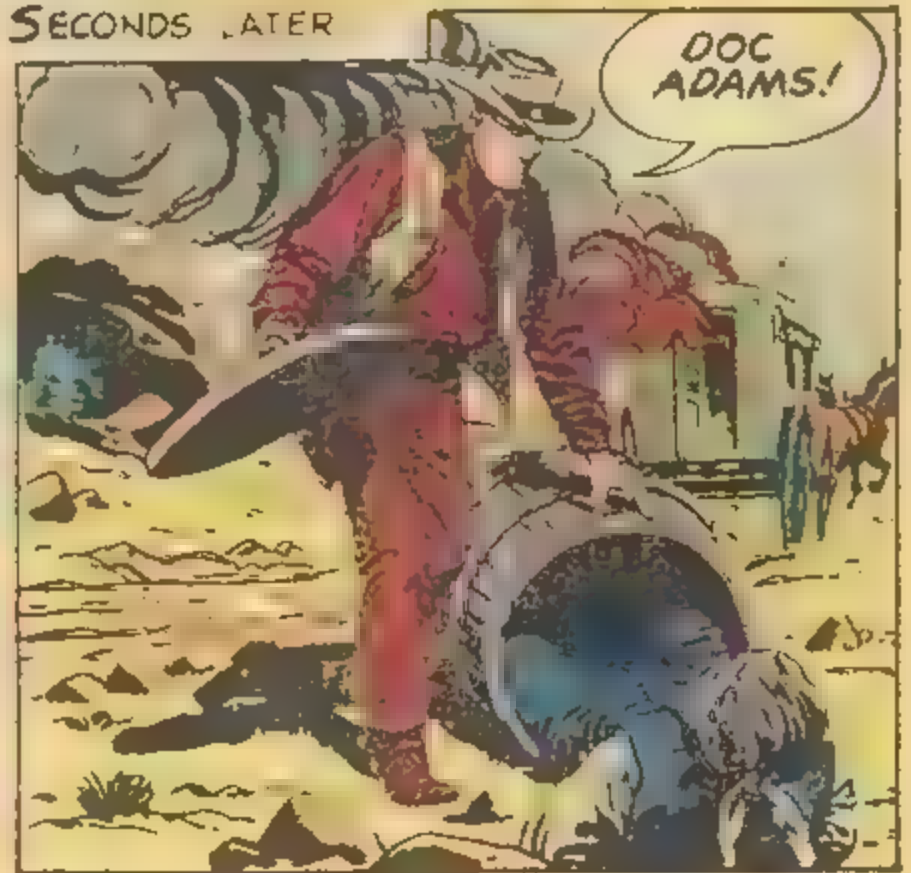
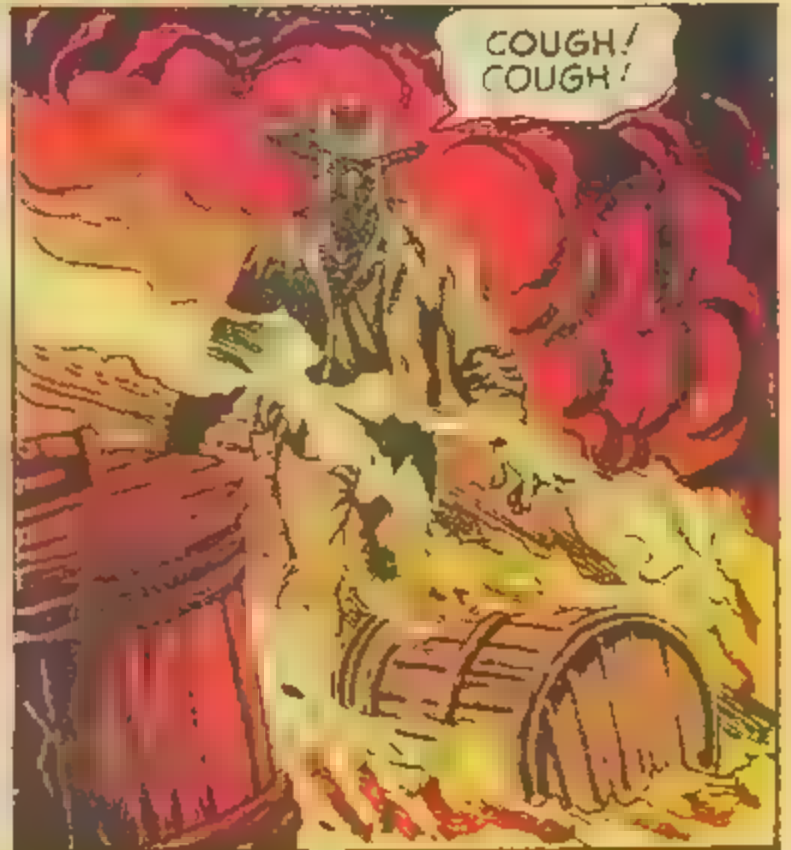
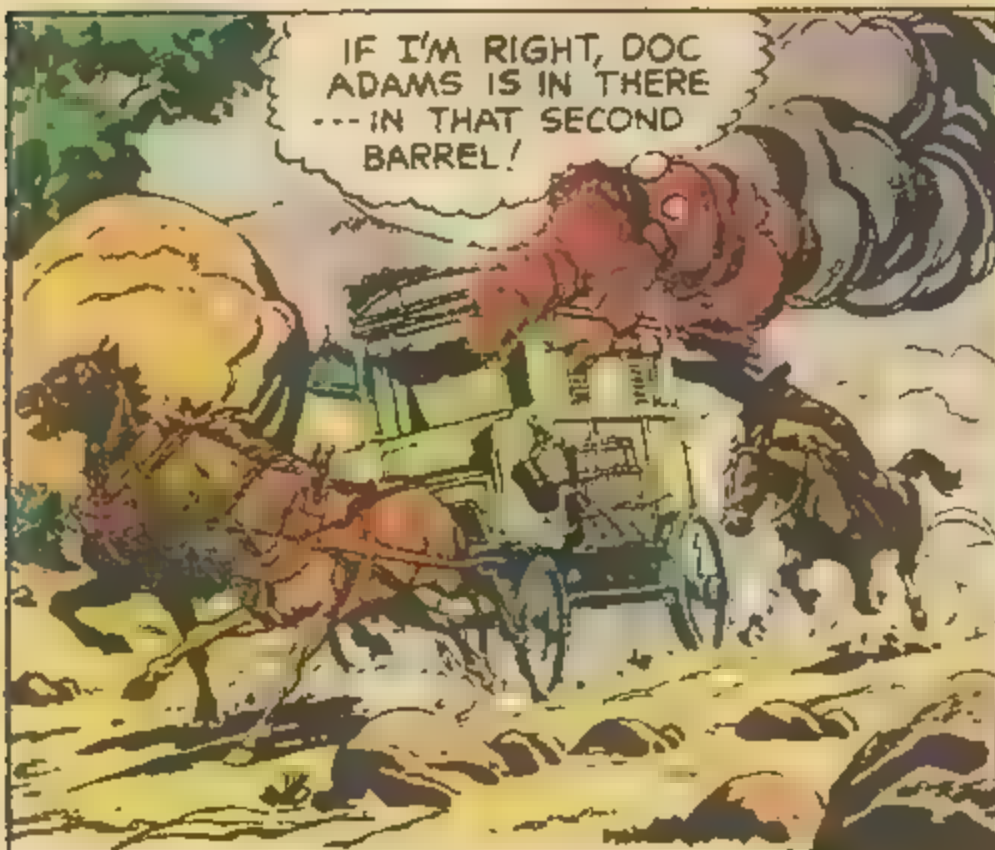
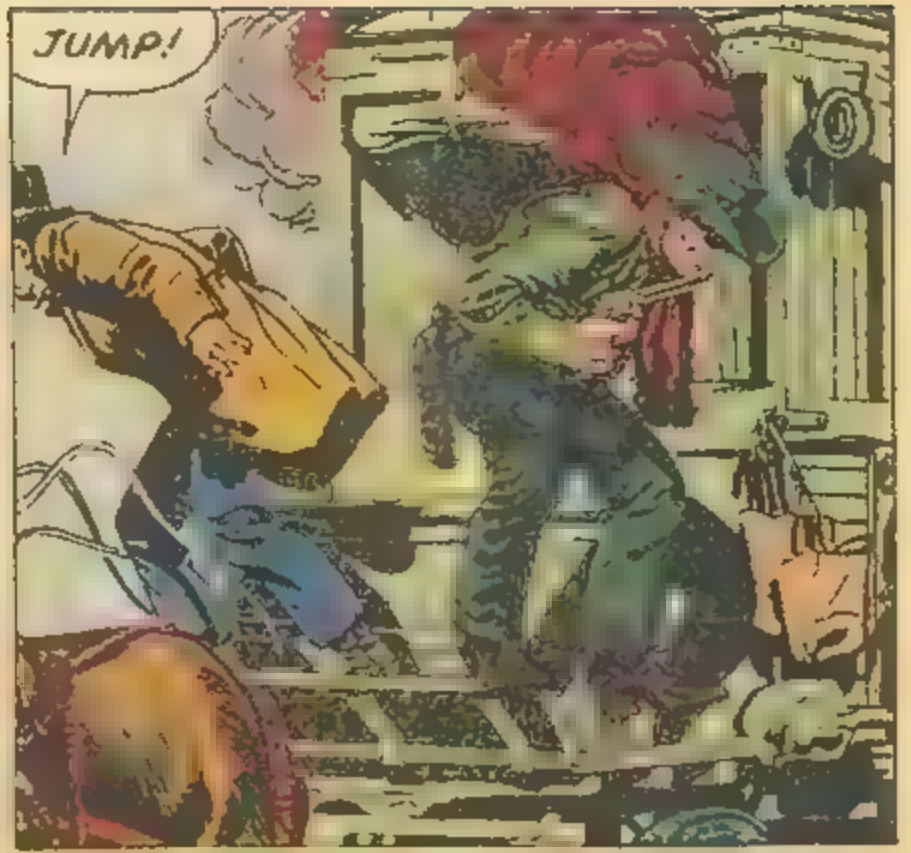












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NEW SOUND COLOR FILM produced by
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In Cooperation With The

UNITED STATES AIR FORCE

**JUST
OUT!**

DEPARTMENT OF THE AIR FORCE
WASHINGTON

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY

February 12, 1959

Dear Mr. Hough:

I have received the information regarding the production of the "Rocket Club" film by your company. We are happy to have such enthusiastic support in our quest to properly guide the interests of young amateur rocket aspirants.

As has been your primary interest over the years in the development of safe air rifles for the youngsters of America, so are we vitally concerned over the safety of our youth in their varied experimentations in the rocket and missile age.

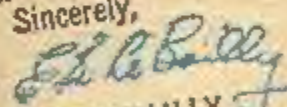
It appears that, in your film, you have accomplished these aims adequately and are providing the proper guidance for the safety considerations that must be applied to this program.

May we commend you for the public-spirited sponsorship of this project and your support of the national effort to encourage increased study of the sciences.

We firmly believe that we can respond most effectively to the responsibilities enjoined by alerting qualified youth, through such programs as these, to become interested in and seriously pursue careers in science or engineering.

We expect to use "Rocket Club" widely to inform youth and parents of America of the dangers inherent in unsupervised and uncontrolled experimentation with amateur rockets and other similar explosive devices.

Sincerely,



E. B. LeBAILLY
Brigadier General, USAF
Deputy Director of
Information Services

Mr. Cass S. Hough
President
Daisy Manufacturing Company
Rogers, Arkansas

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Film available for Free Showings to adult-supervised groups of 15 or more juniors or 15 or more adults. Send coupon to Daisy today for the "Rocket Club" Air Force REQUEST FORM.

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PUBLIC SERVICE DIVISION P-6399

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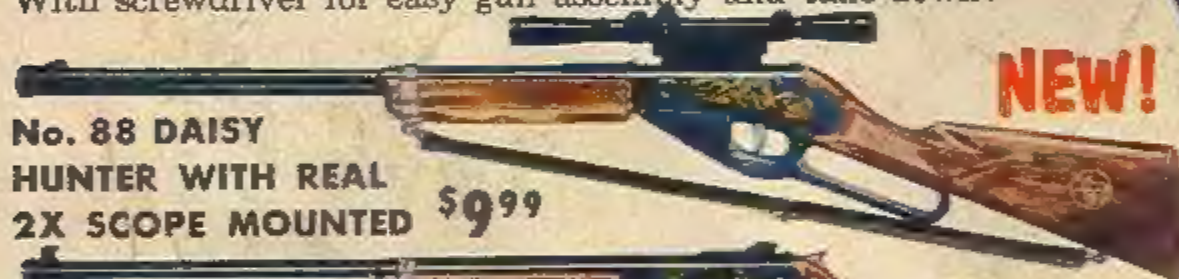


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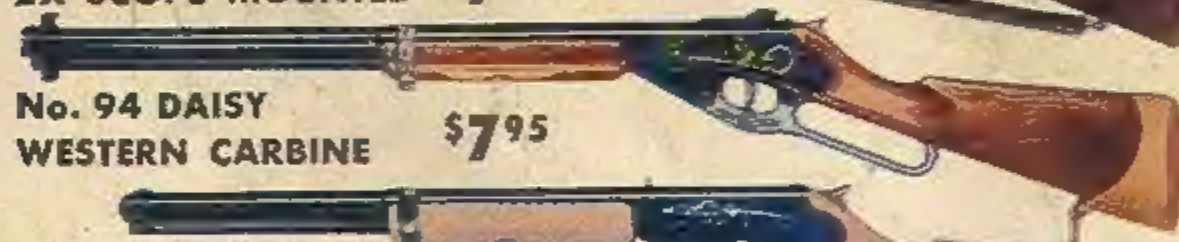
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